

# The Sketch



No. 540.—VOL. XLII.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1903.

SIXPENCE.

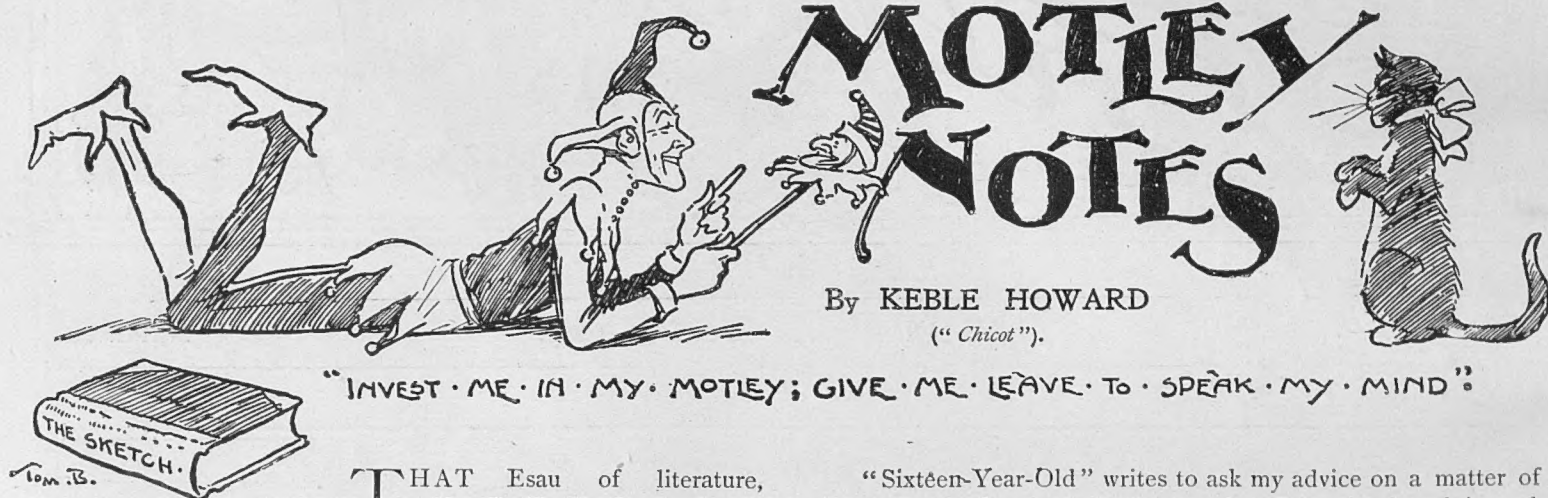


MR. HENRY KEMBLE AS THE EARL OF LOAM IN "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON,"

AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S. ACT II.—AFTER THE SHIPWRECK: THE EARL ON THE ISLAND.

*Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.*





THAT Esau of literature, Mr. T. W. H. Crosland, will not do very much for the sacred cause of Man by his invective against "Lovely Woman." His intention, doubtless, is excellent, but we need rather the steady attack of the dialectician than the unrestrained eloquence of a diatribist. Mr. Crosland is the Prince Rupert of an uncivil war; his impetuosity counteracts his zeal; he frightens the more timid of the bachelors, and he puts the married men to shame. As for the women themselves, they are so flattered by his vehemence that they have no time or inclination to be cross with him. They pity him as a man, and refuse to take him seriously as a foe. That is why I am disappointed with this latest effort of Mr. Crosland's. As one who has always tried to uphold Man's Rights, I had looked forward, with feverish impatience, to the publication of "Lovely Woman." Now, having read the book, I find it clever, fearless, incisive, but absurd. The most offensive thing about the volume, perhaps, is the pale-blue book-marker, but even that errs on the side of subtlety. The enemy will look upon that book-marker as a graceful concession. The penetrating male recognises the hidden insult, but he would rather have had an obvious taunt—something more in keeping with the sheer brutality of the title.

By the way, if Mr. Crosland writes a reply to his own book under the title "Brutal Man," he might do worse than drop in a few well-chosen remarks on the London cabman. From what class of being the London cabman is drawn I know not. But this much I know, that nine-tenths of the men who drive cabs in this city have neither knowledge of nor sympathy with the horses they drive. So far from feeling any affection for the patient animals that earn them their livings, they merely tolerate them when things go well, and hate them if, on a slippery day, they fall down through bad driving. At all times, the London cabman is willing to thrash his horse without mercy for the sake of earning an extra sixpence. Worse than all, such cruelty is in many cases due to the fact that the driver is under the influence of drink. . . . However, the subject need not be pursued further in this place. Very willingly, quite ungrudgingly, do I hand over the London cabman to the tender mercies of Mr. T. W. H. Crosland.

The fatalities in connection with the Paris-Madrid motor-race have once again set people talking of the danger of motoring. "It must be a terrible thing," said a man to me the other day, "to be travelling at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour and suddenly realise that you must either run over a human being or dash yourself to pieces against a brick wall!" I agreed with him, but I also took the liberty of pointing out that there was not the slightest necessity, so far as I was aware, for anyone to travel forty or fifty miles an hour. The motorist seems to have made up his mind that the only way to drive a motor properly is to go as fast as possible. He readily admits the discomfort of rapid travelling; he grants you that he finds himself compelled to dress like a deep-sea diver and drink strong drink to steady his nerve. For all that, he dashes and rushes and tears about the country like a vagrant railway-engine in a state of hysteria. And yet these are the very people who, for years and years, have been sneering at cyclists who "scorch." If it is bad form to ride fast on a bicycle, it is surely unpardonable to "scorch" on a motor. Just at present, however, "scorching" is the fashion in the motoring world. The truth of it is that they are all children with a new and noisy toy.

"Sixteen-Year-Old" writes to ask my advice on a matter of some importance. It seems that he has just left school and is undecided whether to become a bank-clerk or an author. His father, prosaic wretch, favours a business career, but his mother, dear heart, would like "Sixteen-Year-Old" to be an author. I feel that this is rather a delicate matter for an outsider, but I should be inclined to advise my correspondent to follow his own inclinations. His best course, perhaps, would be to apprentice himself to some literary man in a fair way of business, and spare no effort to attain equal proficiency with his master in the craft of literature. At first, no doubt, he would only be allowed to lick stamps and check the author's spelling; later on, however, he would find himself entrusted with the task of turning a phrase or two, until at last, towards the end of his apprenticeship, my correspondent would develop into a competent "ghost." As to premium, that depends upon the class of man into whose office he went. A good poet, for example, would require a large sum down, but a pot-boiling novelist might be glad to obtain the services of a smart youth and to teach him the trick of the thing for a comparatively small sum.

Now that the fine weather has set in—pray Heaven that it rain not before these lines have appeared!—the Automatic Buffet in the Embankment Gardens is doing a roaring trade. The swagger thing, I understand, is to invite your friends to join you in a cup of tea beneath the trees that shade the Buffet. Thanks to the foresight of the County Council, these smart little functions are rendered possible by reason of the numerous attendants whose duty it is to feed the machines. Do not scoff, ignorant reader! Even an automatic-machine requires attention; one could hardly expect the contrivances to boil water and make tea without assistance. Besides, even supposing that the presence of the automata adds to the labours of the working staff, can you deny that the public derive a very real pleasure from dropping pence into a slit instead of just handing them across the counter? The County Council, you see, has realised that, to secure the approbation of the populace, you must appeal to the popular imagination; hence the laborious tea-parties in the Embankment Gardens. The only persons who are really entitled to grumble at the arrangement are the gardeners, who daily water the trampled turf with their mouldy tears.

The craze for the country grows apace. A friend of mine, who fell a victim to the epidemic some three weeks ago, took the complaint so badly that he acquired the lease of a most undesirable cottage for five years. After living in the place for a week, he found it necessary to run up a sort of studio in the garden, and there he eats, and sleeps, and curses his landlord. In response to an urgent telegram, I made a pilgrimage to the neighbourhood, and stayed with him no less than a week-end. A more detestable hole I never visited. In the first place, the ceilings of the cottage were so low that it was almost suicide to venture inside the building at all. Once in, however, you had to stumble upstairs before it was possible to breathe, and, when you were upstairs, it was the hardest thing in the world to get down again. I advised my friend to pull the cottage to pieces and turn it into a stable for his pony. He replied, somewhat haughtily, that what was good enough for him should surely be good enough for his friends. Here, luckily enough, I found myself in agreement with him, with the result that I had a bed made up for me in the studio. Before going to bed, we sat outside the studio, smoked a pipe, and watched the cottage. I wouldn't swear to it, but I believe that my friend shed a few tears. . . . And still the craze for the country grows apace.









*The Whitsuntide Exodus—The Gallery Club—A Duel and Bridge—Our Coming Royal Visitor.*

WHITSUNTIDE sends all the world of London on a week-end holiday, and the painters and decorators who are requisitioned from the country by thousands during the short spring exodus

are in possession of some of the restaurants and many of the houses in Mayfair. On Whit-Sunday the fashionable parts of London are now nearly as empty as they are in mid-August. The Bank Holiday, of course, sends the fashionable world out of London, as it does the unfashionable; but motor-cars and Royal example combined have now made it so easy and so *en règle* to spend Sundays in pure air and country surroundings that every week-end sees Society in full flight to fresh fields, and Saturday night entertainments and the Park church-parade and Sunday dinner-parties seem to be disappearing. Time was when Saturday night used to be the night managers of theatres always selected for their productions of important pieces. Now, Monday or Thursday is the day usually chosen, for if an impresario likes his first-night list to read like an extract from Burke's Peerage he does not take the last day of the week.

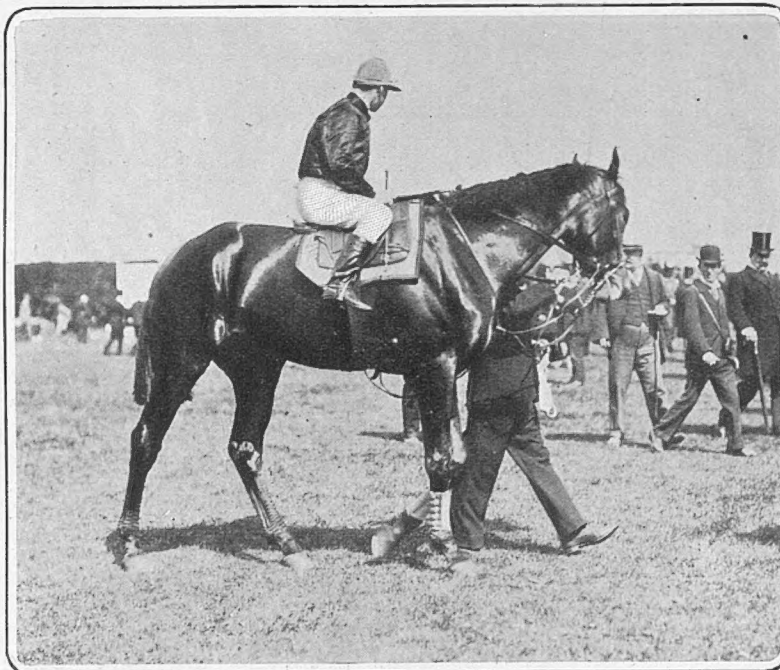
The exodus has made its mark on Club life, and the Gallery Club, which has for many years given charming Sunday evening entertainments at the Grafton Galleries, has had to reconsider its position, and has decided that it is no longer a long-felt want. Its Secretary is an admirable organiser, and one of the most popular men in Society, and the concerts and variety entertainments which he has provided for the members have been quite excellent; but it is little use in asking the possessor of a splendid voice to sing, or some amusing comedian to speak a monologue, if the audience which should listen to him are fifty miles away in the country, or are gathered round Bridge-tables in the back drawing-rooms of their London houses. When the present Gallery Club's existence terminates at the close of the present Season a very pleasant institution will disappear; but I believe it will rise again, like a Phoenix, in another gallery and under certain altered conditions. Bridge, an enemy which must be reckoned with by all Club organisers, will be recognised, and I understand that it is quite possible that Sunday will not be the only day on which the new Gallery Club, when it makes its début, will hold its meetings.

I have no doubt that the quarrel between two foreign gentlemen of position in the world of diplomacy will be put down to the evil effects

of Bridge, a game which bears more than its fair share of blame for all modern misdoings, for I believe that the dispute which culminated in a blow occurred over the order in which the two gentlemen were to "cut-in" at a game of Bridge in one of the most noted of the London Clubs, a Club in which a very great personage indeed has always taken a personal interest. An adjournment to France and a duel in which four shots were exchanged, happily without any evil result, was the outcome, and the duellists were persuaded eventually to shake hands. I have little doubt that the members of the Club are not best pleased at the occurrence, and it shows once more that even the most cultured of our foreign friends do not yet quite understand the amenities of Club life. An Englishman does not box a brother member's ears in a Club, because it disturbs the peace of his brother members, and his brother members, if annoyed by any such untoward incident, generally put it out of the power of the member to quarrel any more on the Club premises. The aggrieved member in most celebrated Club disputes has generally waited outside, and on the pavement or the door-step has employed the homely umbrella, or "the stick of my uncle," or a horse-whip, on his adversary's hat or back. In the old duelling days, when two of the bucks of the period had some deadly feud concerning a lady which could only be settled by powder or steel, they often arranged to quarrel over cards, so that the lady's name should not be brought into the matter; but when one gentleman threw the cards into the other gentleman's face, it was done at a coffee-house or a tavern, and not at a Club. A man should no more quarrel in his Club than he should in church or in a Masonic lodge, for I take it that a man, to be "clubbable," must never come to blows over a club hand.



THE DERBY, 1903: SIR JAMES MILLER'S ROCK SAND (BY SAINTFOIN—ROQUEBRUNE), RIDDEN BY D. MAHER, THE WINNER.



THE DERBY, 1903: M. E. BLANC'S VINICIUS (BY MASQUE—WANDORA), THOMPSON UP, SECOND.

accomplishments, one which always endears her sex to the sterner one—she is a most accomplished cook.

The active-minded Lady Warwick has recently invented a dinner-table which is sunk down the middle, and the space filled with flowers and small palms and maidenhair. This solves the problem of having good floral decoration without obstructing the guests' view of each other.

When the King of Italy pays King Edward, in July, the return visit he owes, we shall see a young Sovereign who, as yet, has only begun to find his feet on the dais of his throne, but who is likely to make as great a mark in Italy as the Kaiser has in Germany, for he has all the energy and determination of his ally, though he is not as inclined as the German Emperor is to theatrical "coups"; indeed, he loves retirement, and delights more in the solitude of Racconigi or of Capo di Monte than in the bustle of the Quirinal; but whatever he sets his hand to he does with all his might. There is no more characteristic story of him than the tale concerning the Government office the head of which reported that his department was under-staffed. One morning, when the first clerk sauntered into the office an hour late, he found the King sitting there expectant. King Victor Emmanuel has many hobbies, yachting and motoring being two, but his absorbing passion is the collection of old coins. If the King of Italy is considered to be rather "hard" by his leisure-loving subjects of the South, his gracious Queen is intensely popular with them. She possesses, amongst her many other virtues and



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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE visit of their Majesties to St. Paul's next Sunday (7th) naturally recalls to many loyal Londoners the first time our King and Queen, as Prince and Princess of Wales, visited the great City Cathedral in State. Many among us can remember the Thanksgiving Day of 1872, when, "pale as yet, and fever-worn, the Prince . . . passed through the people and their love, and London roll'd one tide of joy thro' all her trebled millions,

and loud leagues of men." The Heir-Apparent, convalescent from his terrible illness, sat in the same carriage as his august mother, together with the then Princess of Wales and Prince Albert Victor. A glance at a Number then published by the *Illustrated London News* gives a wonderfully vivid impression of what the scene on the route was like. St Paul's was on that occasion filled with thirteen thousand people, including all the most notable personages of the day. The great City Cathedral—or rather, its noble approach—was also the scene of the most touching open-air service ever held, that which took place on Diamond Jubilee Day.

### "Many Happy Returns" to the Prince of Wales.

To-day (June 3) the Heir-Apparent celebrates, amid the good wishes of the Empire of which he has so wide and true a knowledge, his thirty-eighth birthday. His Royal Highness was born at Marlborough House, and within a very few weeks of his birth he ran a terrible risk, owing to an outbreak of fire on the nursery floor of his parents' London home. This year the Prince spends his birthday at Frogmore House, his own and the Princess of Wales's new country quarters, which, in spite of the melancholy associations connected with its name, is yet one of the most charming of smaller Royal demesnes. His Royal Highness is making his way very surely in the affections of the British people, and he is fast attaining the place which was for so long held by his popular father.

### The Wedding of the Season.

Next Tuesday two great social events take place: the marriage of Lady Juliet Lowther and Mr. Duff, at which it is rumoured that the King and Queen, breaking the rule that they have made since their Accession, intend to be present, and the great Charity Ball at the Albert Hall. If their Majesties indeed honour their young friend's marriage, Lady Juliet will be able to look back to her wedding-day as having been quite a unique social event. The late Queen, deeply attached as she was to many members of her Household, never attended the marriage of a non-Royal subject, save when first one of her daughters and then one of her grand-daughters was the bride. As Prince and Princess of Wales, the King and Queen were occasionally present at a smart wedding, but even then they more rarely attended such functions than did other members of the Royal Family, and Sandringham has only once been lent to a honeymoon couple, the fortunate pair being the Marquis and Marquise de Haute-poul. The Queen takes a very kindly and very feminine interest in the bridals of those for whom she has an affection, and her wedding-gifts are always accompanied by a card on which is written a word of personal sympathy.

### Other June Weddings.

June is evidently to be a great wedding month, for, on the same day that all "the world and his wife" will be crowding to

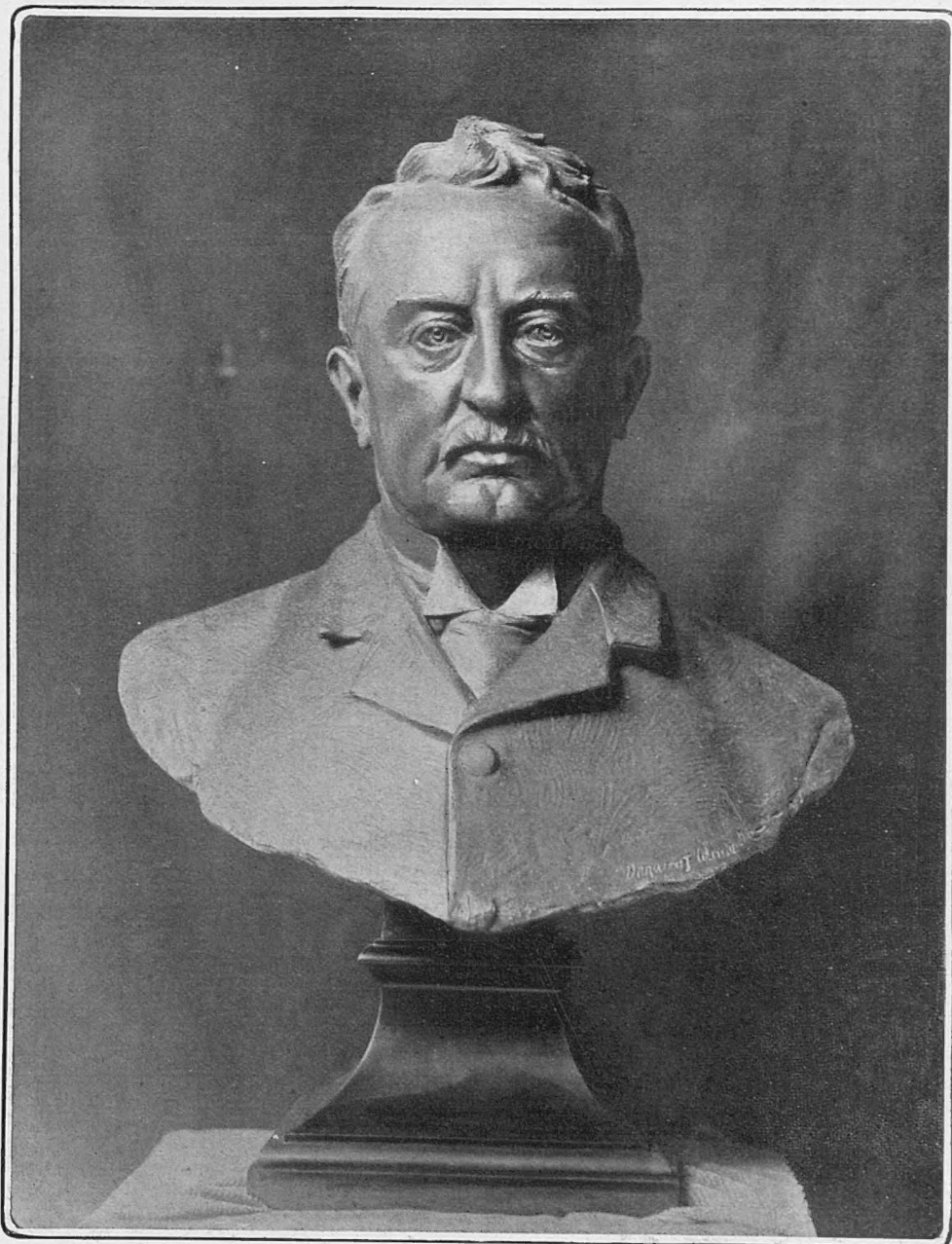
Eaton Square in order to see Lady Juliet Lowther become Lady Juliet Duff, Lord Powerscourt's eldest son, the good-looking and popular Mr. Mervyn Wingfield, will be married to Miss Pleydell-Bouverie. Also on the 19th, at Windsor, one of the prettiest and most popular girls belonging to the great world, Lady Noreen Hastings, weds Mr. William Bass.

### A Pretty Royal Attention.

Lady Glentworth's hundredth birthday brought the wonderful old Peeress, who can still clearly remember the march past of the Guards on their way to Waterloo, many warm congratulations. None can have pleased her more than their Majesties' charming little message, which was accompanied by a bouquet. Lady Glentworth's life has been, in many respects, a very remarkable one; in two years from now she will have borne her present title during the three score years and ten which are supposed to be the limit of human life.

### The late Cecil Rhodes.

This portrait bust in bronze of the late Cecil Rhodes was modelled by Mr. Derwent Wood, and replicas of it are to be placed in the three principal Clubs in South Africa—at Pretoria, Johannesburg, and Kimberley. It is considered to be the best likeness ever attained of Mr. Rhodes, and this is the more to Mr. Derwent Wood's credit in that his subject would never allow his portrait to be taken in profile, so that the work had to be carried out from full-face photographs.



BUST OF THE LATE CECIL RHODES MODELLED IN BRONZE BY MR. DERWENT WOOD.

Photograph by Gray, Queen's Road, Bayswater.



*Lady Ulrica  
Duncombe.*

Among the unmarried beauties of the present day Lady Ulrica Duncombe may be specially singled out as one who has been familiar both with the Court and with the philanthropic world—from childhood. Their Majesties have frequently been the guests of her parents, Lord and Lady Feversham, at their beautiful Yorkshire home; and she has often been the reigning beauty both at Court Balls and at Royal Garden-parties. Lady Ulrica, whose early girlhood was shadowed by the death of her favourite sister, the Duchess of Leinster, has always taken great interest in various forms of good works, and when in London she often visits a well-known East-End Girls' Club.

*"Dr. Jim's" Latest  
Escape.*

"It is better to be born lucky than rich." Such surely must have been the reflection of Dr. Jameson—and his fellow passengers—on the occasion of his latest narrow escape in South Africa. According to the evidence of a traveller, on Thursday, the 23rd April, the *train-de-luxe* containing the gallant Doctor and some score other passengers had just passed Acacia and Lemon Sidings and was approaching Rhenosterkop, when there was "suddenly such a shaking and smashing and grinding, accompanied by the sound of breaking china and glass in the kitchen-car, that whether the world had come to an end or a lyddite shell had burst under the train, no one could feel certain." Curiously enough, the passengers owed their escape to letters, for a fruit-car had been packed with part of a heavy oversea mail for Johannesburg, to relieve the train carrying the rest of the correspondence, so, when nearly a score of derelict trucks started on a dark night to run down to meet the *train-de-luxe*, then labouring up the hill, though they had gained "some impetus" and half-a-dozen were smashed to match-wood, the passengers they had gone to meet escaped with a slight shaking. While the engine of the *train-de-luxe* spread itself out on both sides of the line, the body on the left and the funnel and other impedimenta on the right, both driver and fireman fortunately escaped with slight injuries; and though a portion of the car carrying the mail-bags had forced itself into the buffet, and the frame had jammed under the body of the smoking-room, the occupants of these compartments were uninjured. As the correspondent himself put it, "Now we could see how Johannesburg had come to the rescue. Her mail-bags—there must have been more than a hundred stuffed into that truck—had acted as a wad or a buffer. . . . Of course, they had suffered in the operation; they were in a somewhat jammed and compressed condition, but they had saved our lives."

*A Shaky  
Government.*

The strong Government handed over by Lord Salisbury to Mr. Balfour has taken its Whitsuntide holiday in an unstable condition. Unionists have recently complained that either it did not know its own mind or it was divided against itself. The remission of the corn duty imposed

a year ago has offended a powerful section; old-fashioned Free Traders have been disturbed by Mr. Chamberlain's determination to force an issue on preferential trade with the Colonies; another group has been irritated by the fickleness of the Government in the management of the London Education Bill. The Liberals think that at last their opportunity has nearly arrived. Those who desire and expect office are spending a more hopeful holiday than they have enjoyed for eight years. Differences amongst them are disappearing. Mr. Asquith has lately been attending the House of Commons much more regularly than formerly, and is evidently consulting with "C.-B." and his particular friends. Mr. Bryce has continued to play the part of the Leader's confidential colleague, but no doubt he would step aside when Mr. Asquith desired to resume the second place.

*A Popular Junior.*

Mr. Ailwyn Fellowes was heartily cheered by the House of Commons last week when he rose for the first time to reply for the Board of Agriculture. His nominal post is that of a Junior Lord of the Treasury, and he has worked well since 1895 as a Whip. Henceforth he will have the additional duty of acting as spokesman for Lord Onslow, the new Minister for Agriculture. Thus he will have an opportunity of distinguishing himself in debate. He has been very popular in the Lobby, and has secured the esteem even of opponents, being always amiable and obliging, although apparently reticent in manner. Mr. Fellowes is a brother of Lord De Ramsey, and is forty-eight years of age, although he looks younger.

*A Cavendish at  
the Table.*

There are two Cavendishes, sons of the late Lord Edward Cavendish, in the House of Commons. Both have been silent members. As a Whip, Mr. Victor Cavendish, heir-presumptive to the Duke of Devonshire, has been occupied in the Lobby, and his brother, Mr. Richard, who sometimes comes down to the House on the top of an omnibus, smoking a pipe, has shown no ambition for oratorical honours. Now, however, the elder of the two has received an extra duty as representative of the Office of Works, and for this Department he will have to speak and answer questions. Mr. Victor Cavendish is thirty-five.

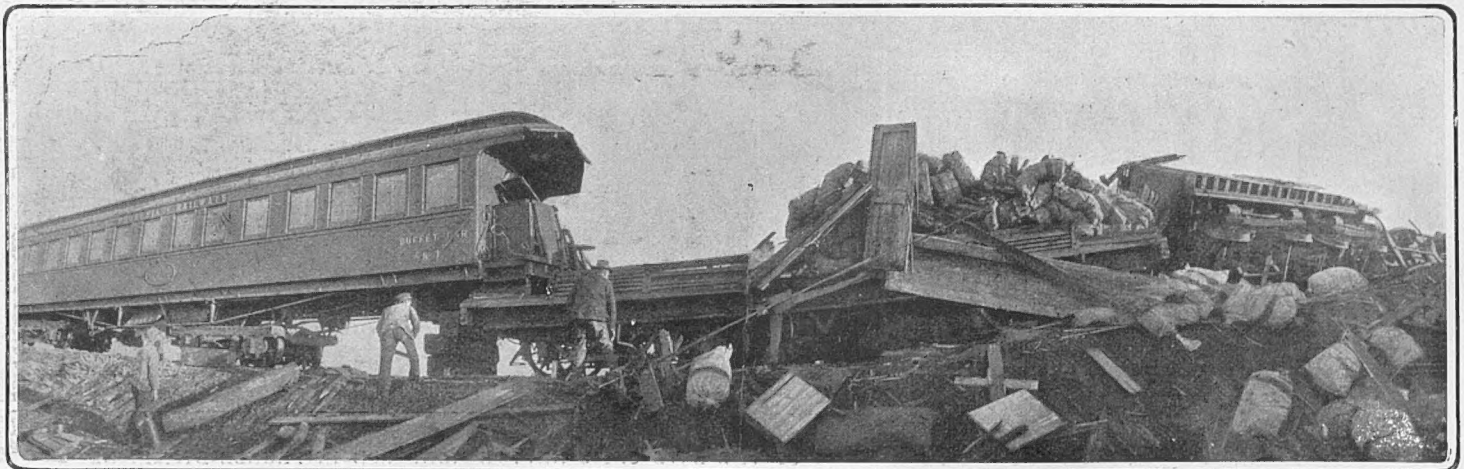
*A New Vandyck.*

A masterpiece of Vandyck has just been discovered at Athens in rather curious circumstances. A sergeant in the Greek Army possessed an old painting which had belonged to his family for a hundred and fifty years and which had always been attributed to Raphael. The sergeant asked a Greek painter to examine the painting, with the result that the picture was discovered to be a genuine Vandyck. The sergeant, who had heard of Raphael but never of Vandyck, was much disgusted until he was assured of the value of the painting, which represents a Christ on the Cross and was bought by an ancestor of its present owner about the middle of the eighteenth century from a Jew merchant in Zante.



LADY ULRICA DUNCOMBE

Photograph by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.



Dr. Jameson.

A RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN SOUTH AFRICA: DR. JAMESON, WHO WAS ONE OF THE PASSENGERS, INSPECTING THE DÉBRIS.



*A Crown Prince's  
Escape.*

The Prince and Princess Danilo of Montenegro have just had a narrow escape from drowning in the Adriatic. They were yachting in the Bay of Gravosa, which is the harbour of Ragusa, when their coxswain tried to pass in front of the Austrian Lloyd steamer *Wurmbrand*. The steamer was entering the harbour at full-speed, and, as the coxswain had miscalculated his distance, the little yacht was caught under the bows of the ship. Happily, the Austrian captains are cool and unemotional men, and by going full-speed astern the steamer just missed cutting the yacht in two.

*The Countess of  
Chesterfield.*

In these days, when every pretty woman claims to be a beauty, there is danger in attempting to award the palm about which even the utmost favoured of mortals, Paris, felt some qualms. Still, there are probably few who would deny that, among the supremely lovely women who graced the Coronation in their capacity of Peeresses, the young Countess of Chesterfield took a foremost place. There is something so brilliant, so unusual, and distinctive in her type of beauty that at every great function at which she is present her personality seems to stand out. She possesses to a remarkable degree the art of dress, and she was one of the first great ladies who adopted the picturesque garb



THE COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD.

Photograph by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

which was formerly left to the fair inhabitants of smart Bohemia. Lady Chesterfield, as most people are aware, is one of a singularly lovely group of sisters and cousins, the Misses Wilson; in some ways, her type of beauty recalls that of her cousin, Miss Muriel Wilson, rather than that of her own lovely sisters.

*A Russian  
Exhibition.*

The Czarina has given her patronage to an Exhibition of Ancient Russian Art, which is to be held in St. Petersburg next February for the benefit of the Russian Patriotic Schools. All owners of specimens of ancient Russian art are invited to take part in the Exhibition, and, as the objects on view are allowed to be sold, subject to the deduction of a percentage for the good of the schools, connoisseurs will have a fine opportunity of picking up some valuable Russian antiquities, though the prices will, no doubt, be very high.

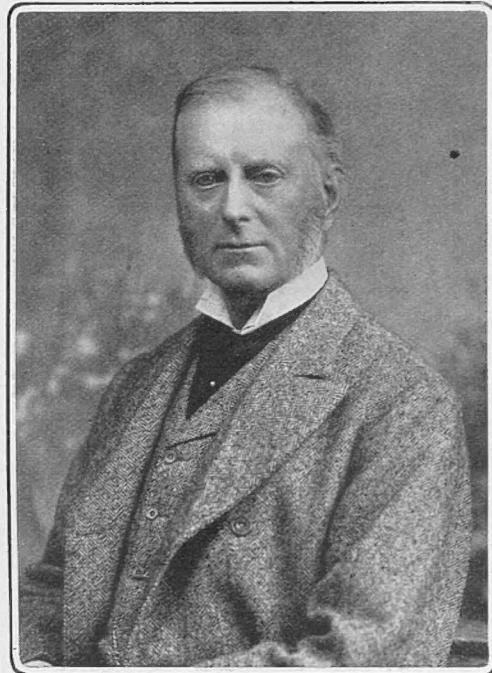
*The German  
Appetite.*

A German paper, the *Frankish Courier*, in giving an account of the wedding of Herr Joseph Pfeffer to Fräulein Josepha Haushofer, says that about two hundred and sixty persons sat down to dinner after the ceremony. The guests were served with five thousand five hundred pounds of meat, two hundred and fifty puddings, and seven hundred and seventy gallons of beer. That is about twenty-five pounds of meat, one pudding, and two and a-half gallons of beer per head—a very fair allowance even for people with such good appetites as the Germans.

*The King's Lord  
High Commissioner.*

Lord Leven and Melville is one of the greatest and wealthiest of Scottish Peers. His Earldom is a female one, and came into his family by the marriage of a daughter of the famous General, Lord Leven. The High Commissioner is thirteenth Earl, and head of a great banking firm; he has again and again held the office of High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland. There are few more imposing sights in Europe than that composed of the Lord High Commissioner and his Court proceeding in State each day to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and few more charming than the receptions held by "His Grace," for so is the Lord High Commissioner styled, in the Long Gallery of Holyrood Palace.

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THE EARL OF LEVEN AND MELVILLE,  
THE KING'S LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER.

Photograph by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

Lady Tweedmouth, who is one of the Duke of Marlborough's brilliant and good-looking group of aunts, has now been for some years one of the chief, if not the chief of Liberal hostesses.

As Lady Fanny Marjoribanks she was of the greatest assistance to her clever and good-looking husband in his political career. Mr. Gladstone had a very great opinion of her judgment and sense, and it is said that he more than once paid her the high compliment of asking her advice concerning a matter of party politics at the time when Lord Tweedmouth was Liberal Whip. Lady Tweedmouth's other great claim to fame is that of being, perhaps, the best lady shot in the kingdom; she is an enthusiastic and indefatigable deer-stalker, and in each one of her homes are trophies of the chase. Together with several of her sisters, she went through some anxious moments during the South African War, for her only child, Mr. Dudley Marjoribanks, gave a good account of himself at "the Front." Soon after his return home he married Mr. Brodrick's eldest daughter, and Lady Tweedmouth has shown herself the most charming and devoted of mothers-in-law. Brook House, Lord Tweedmouth's splendid town mansion, has been let this Season to Lord and Lady Warwick, but it is there that, as a rule, Lady Tweedmouth entertains the rank-and-file of the Liberal Party.



LADY TWEEDMOUTH.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



*An Ambassador's Predicament.*

I hear that Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador in Washington, has decided to spend his vacation this year in Europe (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). It appears that the sentiments excited in the United States by the dishonesty of Russian policy in Manchuria have been augmented to the point of fury by the barbarous massacres

the police that "it was intended to impart to the Psalms a political significance." Happy land!

*A Queen's Adventure.*

A lively story is published in Berlin of an adventure which befell the Queen-Mother of Holland during her recent sojourn in Brussels. Her Majesty, who was accompanied by her Lady-in-Waiting, Mdle. van den Poll, and by Baron van den Berg, went one day to Villers to inspect the ruins of the old Abbey. After viewing the ruins, she entered a neighbouring hotel, the proprietor of which is celebrated as a "character." He watched the party at their lunch, and then, approaching Queen Emma, inquired if she had been well served. The answer was in the affirmative. Then, crossing his arms, the landlord thoughtfully said, "Little woman, methinks I have met you before." "Quite possible," replied the Queen, laughing, "for I was here once before and enjoyed myself very much."

On Baron van den Berg inquiring if it would be possible to hire a carriage for a drive through the neighbourhood, the landlord observed, "I've got a carriage and horse, but no coachman; still, I will allow you to use them, as you seem to be honest people." The offer was refused. Then, in a fit of generosity, the landlord exclaimed, "Well, what would you say if I offered to drive you?" The proposal was approved, and, when the carriage was ready, the landlord, turning to the Queen, said, "Now, my dear, you sit next to me." Her Majesty did as commanded, and the others took their places behind. It was a lively drive for the Queen, who was kept in a perpetual roar of laughter by the jolly driver. When the party returned to the hotel, the landlord began to be so intimate that Baron van den Berg hastily called for the bill and paid considerably more than "mine host" demanded. The Queen departed in the highest good-humour. The following day, on being informed of the identity of the lady with whom he had made so free, the landlord calmly observed, "Ah! I thought she must have been something of that sort. Who else would pay more than the bill?"

*The Congo State.* The Belgian Press is furiously angry with Great Britain because it proposes to move in the matter of the Congo State. Some of the Brussels papers declare we are jealous of the prosperity of their precious colony; others declare that Great Britain desires to annex it, as she annexed the Transvaal. This Belgian indignation is amusing. There can be no honest, civilised man who would not desire to see the Belgians turned out of the Congo State bag and baggage, and most of us who know how the State has been administered (!) would not be sorry to see the imported cannibals invited to have a field-day among the worst of the Belgian officials. I may remark that strenuous efforts have been made by the Congo State authorities to suppress all accounts of their methods, and in pursuit of this policy great expenses have been incurred. Last summer, two emissaries of the Company were said to be in London trying to buy over a man who had a tale to tell. Bribery and intimidation are the first of the Company's instruments for suppressing the truth, and by no means the most effective.



MISS RUTH LYTTON, OF THE GAIETY.

Photograph by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

of Jews in Kishineff. Count Cassini is being socially boycotted. He had made arrangements to rent a hotel at Newport, the most fashionable resort of American Society during the summer months, but has been obliged to abandon all hope of residing there. He has, accordingly, cancelled the contract and determined on spending his vacation in the old continent.

*Diplomatic Migration.*

The migratory season has commenced for Berlin Society, and soon there will not be an Ambassador left in the German Capital. Sir Frank Lascelles, with Lady Edward Cavendish and Miss Lascelles, are leaving for England, whence the Ambassador will not return until the end of July. He will then, as usual, proceed direct to Homburg, and hopes to be through with the severer portion of his "cure" before the arrival of King Edward imposes on him duties at once pleasant and onerous. During the last few weeks, Sir Frank Lascelles has been entertaining as his guest at the Embassy Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. His Highness, who had several meetings with the Emperor during his sojourn here, left Berlin last week for London.

*Emperor and English Literature.*

The intimate knowledge displayed by Emperor William with the latest productions of English literature has frequently occasioned astonishment to the British guests of His Majesty in Berlin. Not long ago, a gentleman who was honoured with an invitation to the Royal Palace ventured to ask the Emperor how, with the innumerable claims on his attention, he could find time for the lighter productions of literature. "Well," said the Emperor, "I usually read for half-an-hour in bed, while the Empress is paying her nightly visit to the nursery."

*Censored Psalms.*

Servia, where many constitutional problems receive unique solution, is now achieving results in the way of newspaper censorship which may well excite the envy of the Russian authorities. The freedom of the Press is a cardinal principle of Servian freedom, but this freedom must be exercised in accordance with Government views. An Opposition newspaper, owing to this conception of liberty, frequently suffers from difficulties of which English journalists can have little idea. This last week, the *Odjek* was quite unable to collect matter sufficient to fill its columns of a nature to satisfy the exigencies of the Censor. It had four empty columns. At the last moment, the Editor decided to fill them with selections from the Psalms. The Censor promptly pounced on him, and the entire issue of the paper was confiscated, it being perfectly evident to



OFF THE STAGE: MISS LETTICE FAIRFAX.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



"Hooping the Hoop." "Looping the Loop" has been succeeded by "Hooping the Hoop," practically the same thing with a difference. Eddie Gifford, the one-legged cyclist, whose sensational leap or fall on his bicycle into the water-tank was a feature at the London Hippodrome some time ago, is the inventor of the new sensation, and Miss Mina Alix is the "Heroine of the Hoop." The photographs reproduced herewith need but little in the way of explanation. Suffice it to say that Miss Alix goes at lightning speed thrice round the hoop and then makes a rapid and effective exit by a trap. The photographs show the "Hoop" in its primary stage, with no embellishments or attractive surroundings. At the London Hippodrome things are vastly different, and the "fixings" add greatly to the effect of the show.

*Town v. Country.* If Mr. Chamberlain is destined to meet with success in his startling attempt to reverse or modify our Free Trade policy, the value of land in England will undergo a very marked change for the better in the next decade. When the war in the Crimea took place, many British farmers cut up their finest old pasture-land and set it down to corn, believing that the demand would justify them. The failure of corn-crops in this country has led to much arable land going out of cultivation and becoming derelict, so that there are counties to-day where the man who is prepared to acquire a fairly large estate can buy as low as eight pounds an acre freehold. Mr. Chamberlain will alter all this if the electors authorise him to do so.

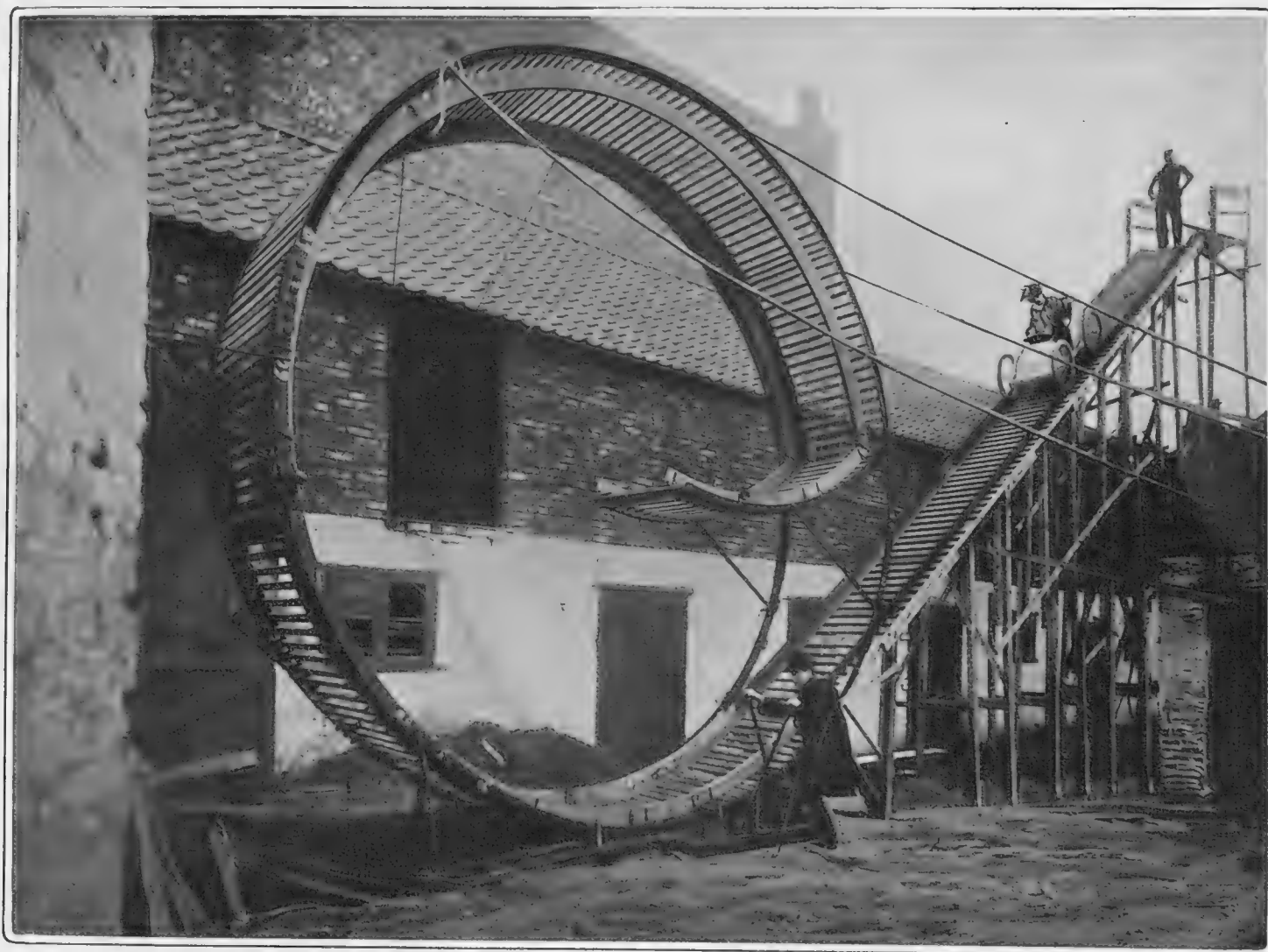


"HOOPING THE HOOP" AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: THE RIDER (MISS MINA ALIX) AND INVENTOR (EDDIE GIFFORD).

I have no views upon the expert question of Free Trade *versus* Protection, but there is an aspect of the present condition of England that does call for attention. The towns have absorbed the best raw material the country has to offer, and what is left in the country to-day is worth very little. If the stock is not replenished, the supplies of pure blood that the towns require and consume will be cut off, and the subsequent deterioration of the cities will be terrible. If Mr. Chamberlain's plans can avail to replenish the land and improve the national stock, the rest does not seem to matter much, for all the trade and all the riches in the world are no good to people too tired to carry on the one or enjoy the other.

*Foreign Missions.* We hear so much about Foreign Missions nowadays, and so many grave charges have been made against the capacities and intelligence of Christian missionaries in China and other remote countries, that it is satisfactory to see a serious review established to deal with the Mission question in all its bearings. Such a review is *East and West*, published quarterly under the auspices of the "S.P.G." The case for the Missions is put very temperately and the public knowledge of their working is very materially increased. I have seen

the work done by missionaries in many countries and have a great respect for the men and women who labour so patiently and loyally for the truth as they see it, but I cannot help thinking that the greatest success of the missionary—in Mohammedan countries, at least—is something quite apart from creeds. Your "True Believer" seldom or



"HOOPING THE HOOP" AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: HALF-WAY DOWN THE "RAKE."

Photographs by F. Bustin, Bristol.



never becomes a convert to Christianity, but he learns to respect Christians because those he knows best live such upright lives. In Southern Seas there will soon be very few aborigines for missionaries to work upon. European manners and customs have proved fatal to them, and before the twentieth century has run its course they will be as extinct as the dodo. Most Mission errors are from the brain rather than the heart, and, if *East and West* opens its columns to criticism, it may become a powerful instrument for the correction of the class of abuses that led to some of the trouble in the Chinese Empire.

### *The Jubilee of Flats.*

How many of the thousands who dwell in Flatland are aware of the fact that this year their dwellings celebrate the Jubilee of their invention? Like so many of the conveniences of modern life, they owe their origin to the other side of the Atlantic, and their inventor was one of that large class of distinguished citizens of the United States, an Irish-American, Mr. Thomas Kilpatrick, who lived almost to see the fiftieth anniversary of his invention celebrated, for he died only at the end of last November. The first flats he erected were in New York, at one of the corners of Thirtieth Street and Lexington Avenue, and it need hardly be said that he was ridiculed by a great many people, that being invariably the fate of pioneers. His first flat was of five storeys, thus providing accommodation for five families, and he was constantly referred to as "the man who built five houses one on the top of the other." At that time the five families in that house were the first flat-dwellers in the country, and now nearly two and a-half millions of people live in New York alone in buildings of a similar design, these five families having now multiplied to nearly six hundred thousand. Indeed, the population accommodated in flats alone in New York to-day is some three times as great as the population of the whole city was half-a-century ago. Who shall say what is the number of flat-dwellers either in London or in England?

Mr. Kilpatrick migrated to New York in 1846. He noticed that the population was rapidly increasing, and that the average house was only two storeys in height, while such conveniences as bath-rooms and hot and cold water-pipes all over the house were only in the houses of the very wealthy. He soon took in the situation, and evolved the idea of the flat, the value of which was so universally recognised that in a few months apartment-houses began to go up in great numbers, many of the best being his work and that of his brother, with whom he was in partnership. Indeed, their firm, up to the time of his retirement some five years ago, had built more than three thousand houses in New York alone, and most of them were flats. Not content with being a pioneer of the idea, he developed his plans to meet the growing wants of the public, and the "Hoffman Arms," a ten-storey building near Central Park, which was completed in 1883, was at that time remarkable for containing the greatest number of improvements ever adopted at once, and was undoubtedly the most advanced house of the kind which had ever been designed in any part of the world.

*Ladies as Doctors.* In a country inn, I listened, a few days ago, to village opinions about lady doctors. One of the yokels had read a statement in a paper to the effect that there are

nearly one hundred ladies practising the healing art in London. Opinions were divided. The carpenter said he did not see why women should not be doctors; the ferryman said that he should not think of allowing his girls to enter the medical profession, and the blacksmith agreed. One old man said he would give preference to a lady doctor, only to be reminded by the carter that his wife would require him to consult her first. When the debate had gone merrily for half-an-hour or more, the local carrier, who is a preacher on Sundays and has quite a pulpit tone, laid the law down and settled the matter. "I'm all for women doctors myself," he said. "An' why? Because a man doctor comes an' orders you beef-tea an' custard, an' goes away knowin' well he can't make it. But a woman doctor, bein' a woman, could stop an' make it for ye. Then, again, a doctor does 'is business an' goes off fast as 'e can, but a woman is always for a cup o' tea—leastways, in th' afternoons—an' so she'd stop an' take one, ay, an' make it, mebbe, an' that's more sociable-like an' no mistake. So I'm all f'r women to be doctors." This argument was quite successful,

and I have thought it is worth printing, so that lady doctors may realise what is required of them when they are duly qualified, if not in town, in the country.

The veteran composer and conductor, August Manns, having received the degree of Doctor of Music, a movement is on foot to present him with the robes. I am sure the news that he would not conduct at the forthcoming Handel Festival must have come as a great shock to the hundreds and thousands of people who have cultivated their taste for good music at the Crystal Palace. To me he was as permanent a fixture as the bust of Sir Joseph Paxton in the grounds, and a much more interesting one. I have a faint recollection of the veteran conductor before his hair was white; doubtless, some readers will remember him when it was quite black. At his best, August Manns was surely second to none in dealing with immense companies of players and singers, but I think I liked him as well on the afternoons when he used to give an hour or an hour and a-half's concert at the Palace before an audience that sometimes did not amount to more than three

dozen people. I have seen the orchestra larger than the audience, but the quality of the music never varied, and Mr. Manns worked as hard in the service of the few as he did in the service of the many. Some conductors who, from the artistic standpoint, are not worthy to black his shoes would have handed the bâton to the sub-conductor on such occasions. Mr. Manns never did, and I did not find the little concerts less attractive because few people had found time to attend.

### *King Leopold's Cook.*

The King of the Belgians is, as most people know, very fond of a good dinner, and is no mean judge of a menu. A good story is being told of the way in which he obtained his cook. The King is a member of the Paris Jockey Club, and is accustomed to dine their quietly when he is in Paris. One evening, the cook served a "canard aux navets," which was pronounced absolutely incomparable, and King Leopold was especially enthusiastic in his praise. The next day the cook sent in his resignation to the Committee, and a short time afterwards the Club was disgusted to learn that he had taken charge of the kitchens at Laeken. It is not surprising that some of the members have never forgiven the King for this unsportsmanlike act.



MR. AND MRS. GERALD DU MAURIER (MISS MURIEL BEAUMONT) IN "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*The Automobile Calastrophe.*

Looking backwards, the start of the tragic Paris-Madrid race at Versailles was ominous (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). A more infernal spectacle has probably never been seen. It was before dawn, and the automobiles, with their huge search-lights, rushed about in complete disorder. Over a hundred thousand cyclists, with as many Japanese lanterns, had come down from Paris, and the effect was diabolically fantastic. The crush and the roar and crash were terrible, and the flash-lights of the army of photographers were blinding. And the dust, the stench, and the smoke! You could not get near a wine-shop, to say nothing of a café. Fortunately, the country-folk had brought in hundreds of litres of wine in baskets, and a roaring trade they did. It was delightful to see dainty ladies of the *Tout Paris* with thirsts that could have been photographed drinking *à la régale*, which, brutally put, means taking a "swig" out of the neck of the bottle. The intrepid Madame du Gast would not retract her recent *pronunciamento*. She persisted that the motor was jerky and evil-smelling, and never in Paris would she be seen in anything but her victoria. As to the modern racing-motors, they resemble dragon-flies with gnomes on their backs.

*The Disaster.*

The story of the race as far as Bordeaux is probably one of the saddest in the history of sport. The Government were on the horns of a dilemma when they gave their consent to what would be a certain holocaust. The whole of Catholic France was against them, and to bring down the most flourishing industry in France and the powerful Automobile Club unnerved them. But racing is at an end on the high-road. It certainly caused a large circulation of money in the towns passed, and that was about all. While the Government are reducing the speed to a minimum, it seems sheer topsyturvydom to encourage a petroleum juggernaut at a hundred and forty kilomètres an hour. Bordeaux was decorated for a fête of welcome, but, as the sinister telegrams were posted, the state of the ladies waiting for their husbands was heart-rending, some running about the streets and wailing. And such was regarded as the Apotheosis of the Motor. The full disaster is the better understood when it is remembered that in the Paris-Berlin a child was killed, and in the Paris-Vienna the casualties were nil.

*"Max O'Rell."*

The brilliant author, who died at his Paris residence at the age of fifty-five, was practically unknown here. He had been away from the homeland, and time flies. His books were too friendly to England to be popular with the French of a few years ago. The doctors had warned him that he was doomed, but he was cheerful, and remarked, "I am not going to die so soon as they say; I prefer a hat on my head to a halo."

*"La Belle Otero."*

The flashing-eyed one is as volatile as the German Emperor. Singer, dancer, mime, she has this week gone in for the legitimate at the Mathurins, in "*Rêve d'Opium*." She shows her familiar audacity, and that serves her in excellent stead. She is very refined and subdued in quieter passages. Altogether a very favourable impression. Liane de Pougy has also had a very good Press for her "*Agonie*" at the little Théâtre Rabelais.

*The Parisian Shakspeare.*

The production of Catulle Mendès' "*Medée*" at the Comédie before the close of the season excites keen interest among his admirers, who regard him somewhat pompously as the Parisian Shakspeare. Mendès is the dramatic critic of the *Journal*, and though very wordy, is honest and even good-natured. The one ambition of his life was to see Sarah Bernhardt in his "*Sainte Thérèse*." How he withdrew it and how she swore never to speak to him again was the Society small talk of four years ago.

*The Marquise's Chair.*

An amusing story of a popular Marquise. Compelled to leave Paris for some time, she preferred to house her gorgeous furniture in a warehouse far from the reach of the burglar. At the Comédie-Française she saw a gorgeous chair that fascinated her on the stage. The more she looked, the more she was convinced that it belonged to her and was of enormous value. She was right, and it seemed that the "First Theatre in Europe" had hired it out from the Garde Meuble. The proprietor has had to pay substantial damages for his unscrupulous conduct. Funny for a State Theatre!

*Mdlle. Léonie Yahne.*

It is curious that Mdlle. Yahne should in 1884 have made her début at the Odéon. That generally leads on to the tragic and the historic. Fortunately this very fascinating artiste has had all the chances in all the light and shadow of the dramatist's brain. Gay in "*Viveurs*" at the Gymnase, tragic at the Ambigu in "*Médecin des Enfants*," perfect comédienne at the Vaudeville in "*Douleureuse*," she has become one of the "stars" of Paris. And "stars" in Paris are not self-created, and hard is their work before the critic drops the fatherly and admonitory attitude and becomes enthusiastic.

*A New American Dancer.*

At the end of the run of the "*Damnation de Faust*" at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, I believe the house will be taken over by Madame Isadora Duncan, an American lady who claims to have some dances that will be novel to Europe. Incidentally, Madame Duncan denounces the corset in terms that must make the nervous shudder.

*"Le Bon Juge."*

President Magnaud, of Château-Thierry, whose judgments are the talk of France, has excelled himself. He has appointed a bankrupt his own receiver, contending that the usual Official Receiver is nothing more than a thief who eats up all the creditors' money. He contends that an "honest bankrupt" knows best how to look after his creditors' interests.

*Doggies in Luxury.*

I went as usual to the excellent Dog Show organised at the Orangerie in the Tuileries. The positive palaces into which the boxes had been converted by the ladies who exhibited their pets were wonderfully interesting. It is to be regretted that the dog in his sterner mood is poorly represented, as Mr. Long's law prevents English owners from sending over their dogs. Skye-terriers, bulls, and fox-terriers belonging to French owners were in fine trim. There would seem to be a great run on a breed of tiny Italian dogs.



MDLLE. LÉONIE YAHNE, A FASCINATING PARISIAN ACTRESS.

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

### TWO REVIVALS.

ON Saturday, May 23, two revivals were presented in the theatres, "Caste" in the afternoon and "Much Ado About Nothing" in the evening. Of course, even the most enthusiastic admirers of Robertson do not suggest that there is any tangible basis for comparison between him and Shakspeare, but it seems a little remarkable that the one work remains so full of vigour, whilst the younger piece, though not intended to catch merely a fleeting fancy, is seriously affected by age. After all, "Caste" is by no means an old play. Thirty-six years ago saw its birth, and one may still be in the vigour of life and yet have been a full-blown critic on its first-night at the theatre in Tottenham Street. For instance, Mr. Clement Scott, who is not the *doyen* of dramatic critics, had been in office four years ere it was produced. It may fairly be stated that "Caste" is one of the best plays of its time and type: it is far fuller of vitality than thousands that have appeared since, even including some immense successes, such as "Our Boys," and yet it now exists, and, perhaps, was revived, as the vehicle for display of acting and not as a drama. Nevertheless, one may say, of course in fear and trembling, that in many respects it is far better built than "Much Ado About Nothing." Robertson, I have no doubt, would have been shocked by the shoddiness of construction in Shakspeare's comedy. The employment of the device of eavesdropping four times in one piece must have horrified him; the way in which the characters shirk the recognition of the contemptibility of Claudio is obviously incredible; the absence of inquiry as to who was at the window of Hero's bedroom at the compromising time is unexplained and inexplicable: in fact, without difficulty, one could go further into the matter and show other points in respect of which the greatest dramatist has displayed flagrant, needless contempt for even plausibility and good sense. Yet, whilst we go not to see "Caste," but to see a new Polly or a new Eccles, we visit "Much Ado About Nothing" for the sake of the play.

There arrives a moment when the critic gets very tired of writing about novel performances in "Caste." It is chosen, no doubt, sometimes as a means of enabling him to form a comparative judgment. The standard or "the record," of course, is supposed to be the Polly of Lady Bancroft, and it is against the traditions that it should ever be admitted that anybody ever reaches the record, which is absolutely safe: for those really old enough to recollect critically the performance are too old to conceive that a new player can excel it, and even if not, obviously cannot have a sufficiently vivid recollection to serve as true ground for comparison. Nor, indeed, can they by any possibility look at the new performance under circumstances which, so far as they personally are concerned, resemble the old circumstances. Clearly, those who never saw Lady Bancroft in the part, or who never saw her in it at her best, can make no real comparison at all, so she must be accepted as the record, and I do not pretend to gainsay her title. The position is not without analogy to that of the dancers. Elderly gentlemen jeer at the idea that there are any dancers nowadays of such quality as Taglioni, Cerito, Lucile Grahn, Fanny Elssler, and the others of the mid-Victorian era. Still, it is against common-sense that Nature should have produced a collection of prodigies at that time, and the methods of tuition remain practically unaltered. I have no doubt that Carmencita, in her prime—she, however, has obtained immortality through the superb canvas at the Luxembourg—Candida (not to be confused with the heroine of "G. B. S.'s" play), and the delightful Adeline Genée are as good as those who have made history, to say nothing of Zanfretta, within a limited range.

The immediate question is Miss Marie Tempest. It is a misfortune for the legitimate stage that she should possess a remarkably beautiful singing voice, since it is hardly possible for her to make up the lost time ere Nature robs her of the right to take parts in which she might have excelled. She has shown astounding aptitude and made such wonderful progress that already she occupies a position quite unique. Her Polly is a brilliant piece of acting, though it is possible to see in it some signs of insufficient craftsmanship, exhibited in touches of self-consciousness and occasional transgressions over the boundary-line between broad and low comedy. Still, one may congratulate her and ourselves very sincerely. Miss Kate Rorke, I think, plays the part of Esther exquisitely: it is just within the range of a charming actress who has narrowly escaped greatness, and it is regrettable that London has seen comparatively little of her lately and a good deal of some others of far less charm and talent. Mr. Dagnall is a clever, useful actor who has often contributed in a large measure to the success of a play. Whether his Eccles is as good as others or worse, or better than this or that, I do not pretend to

say; but, if we are to have the rather trying character of the disgusting old ruffian, he shows that it may be safely left in his hands, since he will get sufficient of the obvious humour out of it. Mr. Gilbert Hare is very clever as Sam. Of course, he does not yet possess his father's technical skill, which, indeed, I think is without equal on our stage, but who can say whether, at the son's age, the father was a more remarkable artist? The character most difficult now in the piece, because it represents a dead type, is that of Captain Hawtree, which is played very well by Mr. Dawson Milward, with some necessary departures from tradition. The Marquise has always been recognised as a terrible person, as a penny-noveltte creation of the deepest dye, and the actress to whom the part is allotted must shudder. Miss Carlotta Addison, one of the soundest and least assertive of our actresses, handled the part with a great deal of tact. Mr. Ben Webster was quite an excellent George, with an agreeable air of manliness and lack of affectation.

"Much Ado About Nothing" was the personal triumph of Miss Ellen Terry and not very much more. The rest of the affair was not remarkable. Even the mounting of the play by Mr. Gordon Craig is not very interesting. Most people have by now made up their minds on the topic of headlights versus footlights, and the majority, I believe, is in favour of the latter. The reasonably seasoned playgoer has become so accustomed to the footlights that he does not notice them, and the faces of the players are more clearly seen under the old system than the new. The other aspects of the mounting, though rather strange, seem to involve no startling theory, except, perhaps, the somewhat daring idea of having merely a plain black back-cloth to represent "a street," "a prison," and "the monument of Leonato." It may be a convenient convention, and a cheap convention if managed tactfully, but when, standing simply against the black cloth, Borachio said to Conrade, "Stand thee close then under this pent-house," the effect was ridiculous, and it must be remembered that the shelter of the pent-house was what presumably concealed the Watch from the villain when he was making his deadly confession. As it was, the Watch were deplorably obvious even to the most drunken rogue. Nor is it easy to reconcile the convention of this plain black cloth with the employment of heavy scenery in the big sets. The first set was agreeably impressive, and the masque of revellers quaint and pleasing. The garden set, used thrice, is ugly, with its straight, hard lines, and crude colour, and its blue back-cloth, which can hardly have been intended to suggest the sky, except on the theory that the house was on the top of a hill or that the garden was on the roof of the house. Certainly the church scene at first was magnificent, looking of vast height, with tall, slender columns; but, as light came, it seemed to shrink and the columns were shown to be strange draperies. The scene still remained charming and quietly impressive, and a hanging cross had a fine effect, though there was a somewhat ugly gimcrack crucifix on the altar. Many of the costumes are charming, though the rose-coloured gown of Miss Ellen Terry was by no means becoming to her.

The acting was rather a case of "Eclipse first." Miss Ellen Terry's performance as Beatrice was better than ever as a piece of pure acting. So far as I know, she has done nothing better—indeed, nothing else so good—and I have seen more of her creations than I should admit willingly. Her grip of the character has grown stronger. She used to play the part in a spirit of irresponsible merriment. Formerly the "Kill Claudio" came with a kind of shock: the mariavauding maiden seemed an inappropriate mouthpiece for it. Her jests at Benedick were accompanied by a kindly, gleeful mirth that served as an antidote. Now she is a woman, a womanly Katherine, a worthy mate for a strong man, and the more charming in consequence. But where was the strong man? Mr. Oscar Asche seemed still to be playing Sigurd, and to possess no keener sense of humour than one would expect in the formidable Norse: a stolid Benedick is almost a desecration, and he was sadly stolid. The leather suit he wore expressed his character. He seemed hide-bound, almost pachyderm. No wonder the shafts of Beatrice did not pierce easily. The other players, save Mr. Norman Forbes, a remarkably good, even amusing, Dogberry, were not more than passable; some were very disappointing. Mr. Fred Terry, at the St. James's, showed that Don Pedro is really a capital acting-part, but this could hardly have been guessed from the performance at the Imperial; and Mr. Conway Tearle has a heavy manner for the light-hearted, worthless Claudio, whilst Mr. Holman Clark, fresh from his triumph in "The Vikings," seemed, as Leonato, woefully tame, and Miss Britton's Hero appeared to have more of Dagny than Shakspeare's heroine.





SEÑORITA GUERRERO AS CARMEN AND M. VOLBERT AS DON JOSÉ  
IN THE NEW ALHAMBRA BALLET.

*Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.*



## BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

## XXVII.—DALZELL HOUSE.

FEW British Peers can boast of a more delightful country home than can the gallant young Scottish Baron who did so well in the South African campaign and who shares with the Duke of Hamilton the distinction of tracing his direct descent from the far-famed Hamilton of Cadzow. Dalzell has more than once been visited by Royalty, and their Majesties, as Prince and Princess of Wales, made a short sojourn there not many years ago; this was in the days when Dalzell had as host the late Lord Hamilton, the father of the present owner of this charming Lanarkshire seat.

William Cobbett was not only a great Radical, he was also an enthusiastic lover of Nature, and the noble gardens of Dalzell, the fine park, studded with some of the best and oldest trees in Scotland, were never better described than by his eloquent pen. He celebrated in choicest prose the lovely glen where the water, trickling over rocks, washes at high-water the walls of the old castle; the walks winding down the steep gardens; the fruit-trees peeping out from among the forest-trees; the finelowlands and meadows down upon the banks of the Clyde: "Then at the other side of the house, at the end of half-a-mile of gentle up-hill through some very fine plantations of larches and of oaks; a farm-house and a farm-yard, and pastures with dairy cows feeding and Highland cattle fattening." Small wonder that Cobbett ended his enthusiastic account with the words, "All these things put together make me think this the place of all the places in Scotland that I should like to live at."

The estate which now belongs to Lord Hamilton of Dalzell is extremely ancient, and there are many mentions of it in old chronicles under the quaint name of "The Place of Dalyle." The castle is a curious mixture of the old Scotch baronial style and of French château architecture. In its present form, the house is said to have been built towards the middle of the seventeenth century by Hamilton of Boggs, who had inherited the estate from his uncle, Lord Carnwath, in whose family it had been since the year 1300. The castle is exquisitely situated above a rushing stream, which makes its way through one of those wooded dells for which Scotland is justly famed, and, by an accidental or natural formation of the ground, among the great glories of Dalzell are the terraced gardens, which are laid out in the formal and yet luxuriant style so long dear to Scottish horticulturists.

Every succeeding owner of Dalzell has made important additions to the beautiful old structure, which may be roughly divided as belonging to three distinct periods, the Keep being the most ancient and evidently far older than that portion of the castle which was built by Lord Carnwath's heir. The Keep overhangs a deep ravine and was evidently built with a view to keeping out marauders. There may still be seen the grooves in which the portcullis of the gateway moved, and it may be doubted whether there is any Keep in the kingdom of

which the interior is in such fine preservation as that of Dalzell, particularly interesting from the antiquarian point of view being the lofty, vaulted hall, which is itself surmounted by a series of wall-chambers and galleries.

The State Apartments of Dalzell House—that is, the beautiful living-rooms occupied by the owner himself—have a singularly lovely outlook, for just below them stretch the terraced gardens, with their wealth of flowers and shrubs. The formal flower-beds are each enclosed in a thick box border. The mother of Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, a sister of Lord Leven and Melville, was devoted to the lovely grounds of her Lanarkshire home, and many improvements were made

by her before her premature death. Everything is done to keep up the curiously quaint character of these famous gardens, justly famed even in that land of quaint and old-world pleasaunces, Scotland.

Lanarkshire, and especially that portion of it near the Clyde, is noted for its orchards. Cobbett declared, "I have never seen at one time a more beautiful show and variety of apples than I saw on the table of Mr. Hamilton of Dalzell"; and, though seventy years have gone by since these words were written, the same might now be said, for within a short distance of Dalzell House stretch fruit and vegetable gardens and orchards which in spring transform their neighbourhood into fairyland.

It seems almost incredible that Lord Hamilton of Dalzell's famous and beautiful home should be within little more than a mile of the "Black Country" of Lanarkshire, but so it is, and this fact only makes the fresh beauty of Dalzell and its gardens the more precious to its owner, whose tenderest associations are bound up in the place where he spent so much of his childhood and youth, together with his only brother and his four sisters.

Scarce a room in Dalzell House but contains memorials, some

of them extremely valuable and interesting from an historical point of view, of the Hamilton family. Lord Hamilton of Dalzell is particularly proud of his unique smoking-room, which, formed out of one of the castle vaults, contains some very fine old oak.

Lord Hamilton of Dalzell comes of a gallant race; many of his ancestors have been killed fighting for their country. Hamilton of Orbiston was one of Mary Queen of Scots' most faithful supporters, and fought in the great battle which decided her fate, and more recently another Hamilton distinguished himself as a soldier, fighting under Wellington both in Spain and at Waterloo.

The late Lord Hamilton was raised to the Peerage in 1886; he had had a long and distinguished political career, and was highly esteemed by the late Sovereign, to whom he was Lord-in-Waiting from 1892 to 1894. His death took place only three years ago, and he was succeeded by his son, who that same year served with distinction in South Africa, whither he had accompanied the Imperial Yeomanry.



DALZELL HOUSE, LORD HAMILTON OF DALZELL'S LANARKSHIRE SEAT.

*Photograph by Reid, Wishaw.*



BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES: THE GARDENS OF DALZELL HOUSE.



THE SHRUBBERY.



A COSY CORNER.



THE DUTCH GARDEN.

*Photographs by Reid, Wishaw.*



## MR. CHARLES JARROTT,

PERHAPS THE MOST CELEBRATED RACING MOTORIST IN ENGLAND.

"A THUMP and a bump, and you're there!" Thus succinctly a spectator summed up his impression of the kilometre record motor-trials at Welbeck last year, when Mr. Charles Jarrott established the world's record for the distance in 28½ seconds, or at the rate of about seventy-eight miles an hour. For many years Mr. Jarrott has held a prominent position in the motor-car world of fast drivers, and it would not be difficult to put in and substantiate the claim that he is the most prominent English racer we have. He certainly has had more opportunities of driving in these races than have fallen to the lot even of Mr. S. F. Edge and Mr. J. W. Stocks, who, with him, are to have the distinction of representing England in the Gordon Bennett race on July 2. Mr. Jarrott gave a splendid account of himself in the three great Continental races last year, coming in second in the Circuit du Nord and winning the Circuit des Ardennes, when he travelled 321 miles in 353 minutes, or at the rate of fifty-four miles an hour, a race in which he is again to take part this year, on June 21. In the Paris to Vienna race, however, in consequence of an accident to his machine, he only finished tenth; but he did finish, and it is noteworthy that, whenever he has started, he has never failed to put in an appearance at the end of the course, no matter what obstacles he has had to contend against. The Circuit des Ardennes was the first race ever run in the form of a circuit, the competitors having to cover a 53-mile course six times without any allowance for filling up with water, petrol, &c.

It is an interesting commentary on what some people might call "the cussedness of the beast" that Mr. Jarrott won on the same 70 horse-power Panhard which had given him so much trouble in the Paris-Vienna race. This time, however, the machine vindicated the driver's confidence, though it was a close shave, for at the last turn there was only a difference of eleven seconds between the leader and M. Gabriel, on a Mors. In that race, too, a recorded speed of over sixty miles an hour was obtained for the first time in motor-racing, as Baron Pierre Crawhez covered more than that distance in the first hour. That the race in the motor-car world, as in every other, is not always to the swift was proved by the fact that, in spite of his splendid achievement, the Baron did not even finish. Sixty miles an hour, however, is comparatively slow compared with some bursts of speed which Mr. Jarrott has obtained, for in the Ardennes race there were places where, going down declines, his calculated speed was at the rate of ninety miles an hour. That race, indeed, might have been the last Mr. Jarrott ever participated in, as it might also have been the last an enterprising cyclist ever attended. While the machines were hurtling along in their wild career, Mr. Jarrott saw a cyclist start to walk across the road, wheeling his bicycle. Had he gone on, all would have been well; but the man got frightened, hesitated, and tried to go back. Luckily for him, however, Mr. Jarrott's automobile, metal-made though it was, behaved in his skilled hands like a sentient being; and, not less luckily, Mr. Jarrott himself, whose outdoor life keeps him in the pink of condition, is quick of eye and quick of action. A movement of the steering-gear: the next moment the automobile swerved from its course and the threatened calamity was averted.

That race was begun under decidedly depressing conditions. When Mr. Jarrott arrived at Bastogne, where the start was to be made, he found that there was not a room to be had in the one hotel which the village boasted. The tourists, racing-men, and others who had arrived before him had not only secured all the rooms, but the beds as well, and had eaten everything the hotel was able to provide. At nine

o'clock in the evening any passer-by might have seen the destined hero of the struggle sitting on his bag in the middle of the road and obtaining what comfort he could from a cigarette. A curious villager went to inquire the cause, and it was through his curiosity that Mr. Jarrott got a bed in his cottage. As for the other competitors, half-a-dozen or more of them had to be content with the hospitality of the hotel-yard. They sat at packing-boxes instead of at a table in order to eat such rough fare as they could get.

It is curious that when Mr. Jarrott started he was perfectly indifferent as to the outcome, and it was only after he had been some little while on the road that the exhilaration of the speed began to tell on him and he went to work in grim earnest. It was no easy riding, however, for the dust was something terrible, and in the pine-forests through which the course lay he has himself said that "the air was more like a November fog in London" than anything else he could describe. On he went, however, with no other means of knowing whether he was on the road than an occasional glimpse of the tree-tops on either side. Car after car was passed, but at the end of the fifth turn, when, like a prudent driver, he stopped to make sure he had enough petrol and water to carry him through, he learned that M. Gabriel was still

ahead and there was only fifty-three miles, or rather less than an hour's going, in which to overtake and pass him. There was only one thing to do—to reach the speed-limit of the engine and maintain it. The racing-machine seemed as if it knew what was wanted of it and almost leapt to the encounter. At last, only thirty kilometres from the finish, Mr. Jarrott saw a car a long way ahead, and from the speed at which it was going he knew it must be M. Gabriel's. Suddenly the car stopped—so suddenly, indeed, that Mr. Jarrott had to swerve from his course in order to avoid dashing into it from behind. There were only seven kilometres to the finish, and Mr. Jarrott, as he once described it, "thundered down the



MR. CHARLES JARROTT ON HIS TWENTY-FOUR HORSE-POWER DIETRICH.

*Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."*

long hill into Bastogne and pulled up amid the greatest excitement," having gone 321 miles in 5 hr. 53 min., including two stoppages.

How different on that same machine had been his previous entry into Vienna, where he arrived, as he has himself described, "with my governor broken, my throttle gone, no exhaust-box, running on the low gear, unable to change speed through the impossibility of taking out my cone, regulating my speed by the ignition, the frame of my car practically in half, no cap, no coat, no goggles—in fact, with nothing. I must have presented a picture ludicrous to a degree, but indicative in a measure of the effort I had made to get my car through."

All his life Mr. Jarrott has been devoted to fast riding, first on a bicycle, and then on a motor-tricycle, on which machine he entered for the Paris-Bordeaux race. It was in the early days of his career, and he knew comparatively little about the conditions which make for success in such an undertaking. His goggles were of an ineffective sort, and his clothing unsuitable. In spite of these things, however, when he reached Poitiers he was third in the list of ninety-seven starters. Soon afterwards, however, the rain came down in torrents, his machine short-circuited, and, realising that it was useless to go on, he got off, threw himself down in the road, glad to get the opportunity of a rest even under such uncomfortable conditions. It was curious that the next man to arrive was Mr. Edge, who, as it has been said above, is to be one of the English representatives in the Gordon Bennett race.

Mr. Jarrott is exceptionally fitted by nature for the rigours of motor-racing, for he is physically a splendid specimen of a man, with iron nerves and a constitution capable of enduring a great deal of fatigue.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XLIV.—MR. CHARLES JARROTT.



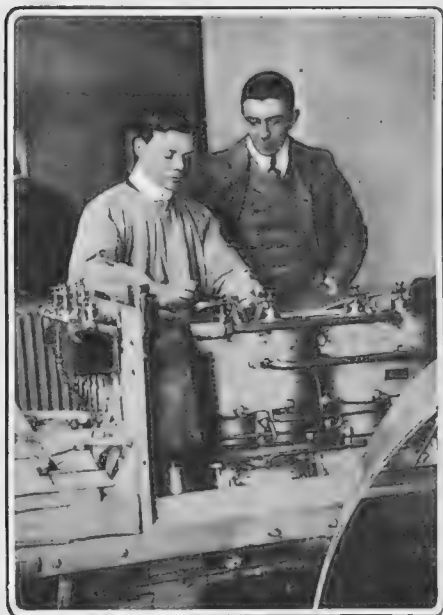
"AH! SHALL I GIVE YOU A LIFT OR WOULD YOU RATHER RUN?"



"THIS IS A FLIER. I AM GOING TO DRIVE IT IN THE GORDON BENNETT RACE."



"I THOUGHT SO. ONE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL ABOUT VALVES."



"I NEED HARDLY SAY THAT I ALWAYS LOOK OVER MY ENGINES MYSELF."



"THIS LITTLE CHAP COMES IN HANDY AT TIMES."



"WHAT DO YOU DO WITH ALL YOUR AUTOGRAPHS?"



"TAKE A STRAIGHT PORTRAIT? YOU CAN TRY, IF YOU LIKE."



"NOW I MUST DESCEND IN THE LIFT —"



"—AND TAKE SANTOS-DUMONT FOR HIS DAILY DRIVE."



## A WHITSUN SONG.



R. P. GOSSOP

Bring out your bonny boughs of birch,  
 For it is Whitsuntide.  
 Strew with green leaves the quiet church;  
 Maid, dress you like a bride,  
 In snowy gown and snowy church,  
 And belt with ribbons wide.  
 Each nook of garden you must search  
 For sprigs of London Pride,  
 To be your posy to the church,  
 With lad's-love set beside.

To-day did tongues of fire descend  
 On simple folk of old;  
 To-day you shall have God to friend,  
 For wintry sorrows make an end,  
 And timid folk grow bold.  
 For a Dove's sake that God did send  
 Men's foolish hearts to mould  
 To nobler shape, to holier end,  
 At Pentecost of old—  
 Your broken hopes to-day shall mend  
 As sure as gorse is gold.

The tongues of fire are in the sky,  
 And none need halt for fear;  
 The doves are crooning softly nigh  
 Because their building-time is by  
 And their new nestlings here.  
 God's on the earth as in the sky,  
 But who a Dove would fear?  
 The earth is young, and young am I,  
 And lambs are glad of cheer,  
 And giadder are all sweethearts shy,  
 For God holds lovers dear.

NORA CHESON.

# FRESH LEAVES FROM A MOORISH GARDEN

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Illustrated by R. Forrest.

## VII.—ON THE ROAD.

WE had ridden over the hill of the irises that looks towards the Anjera country, and had drawn rein for a moment to admire the view. Earlier in the afternoon there had been quite a procession of country-folk filing townwards for the morrow's market, but we had left that track and I was the more surprised to see a man riding towards us at full gallop across the plains. His jellaba was flying behind him; he held reins with one hand, a gun in the other. Had I never been in the country before, I should have taken him for an enemy thirsting for our blood.

He drew rein within ten yards of us, and asked Abdeslam for cigarettes. "I left the town without remembering," he said, simply; and, when we had supplied his wants, he galloped away with a word of thanks.

"Why does he carry a gun?" I asked.

"It is a blood-feud," explained Abdeslam. "If he go too near the Anjera country he be killed, for his father kill two Anjera men about a woman."

We rode on and found the market-men again on the Fez road.

One who was driving two mules loaded with charcoal cursed us fluently.

"Allah send the small-pox to you and to all Infidels," he said, sourly. "I myself would like to kill one hundred Europeans."

"Talk less, Tsamani," said Abdeslam. "You are taking your charcoal to Europeans that you may buy your bread and salt. Are you not ashamed to curse those who feed you, son of a mother who never said 'No'?"

Tsamani winced.

"You call yourself a Moor, Abdeslam," he retorted. "At heart you are a Christian, not a Mohammedan at all!"

"What is it to be a Mohammedan?" pursued Abdeslam. "Is it religion to lie and to swear and to steal, to take the poor man's cow and his goats and his house? Is that the Prophet's Law?"

"Strong men do it," said Tsamani, sulkily. "I would like to be a strong man and do it, too. I am not a strong man, but I can curse Infidels. Burn their Fathers!"

So saying, he drove his mules along, and we resumed our journey until we met Abdelkrim.

This last worthy rode upon an ambling mule; his jellaba was very new, his turban was spotless, his yellow slippers were fair to see. A Nubian slave followed him.

"What news from Tetuan, Hadj Abdelkrim?" said Abdeslam.

"The powder has spoken among the Benidder men," replied Hadj Abdelkrim, "and they have closed the road against our Lord the Sultan and against the Bashadors of the Nazarenes. Bu Hamara has sent them letters to say that no Kaffir is to pass to Tetuan. They have taken mules and driven off cattle, and have defiled the beard of the Basha."

"Our master the Sultan will eat them up," said Abdeslam.

"It may be so, if Allah wills," responded Hadj Abdelkrim, piously. "We are all from Allah, but it is not well to go upon the Tetuan road, for the Benidder hold all the hills."

He passed and our journey was resumed. Everywhere the cultivated land seemed parched, the young crops were drooping. I pointed this out to the Moor.



RIDING TOWARDS US AT FULL GALLOP ACROSS THE PLAINS.

"It is natural enough," he said. "The Sultan is angry because of Bu Hamara. He has not blessed the land and the rain does not come."

"But see," I said, pointing overhead. "Watch the clouds: they are coming from the South; they are full of enough rain to revive all these fields. How can you explain that?"

Abdeslam looked up. "Yes," he said, "the rain is coming. It may be our Lord has again been victorious."

An hour later, on the Fez road, a rekass, or courier, came in sight. He was a tall black man; he carried a long staff and a lantern, a wallet was at his side, and in his eyes there was the curious flame the haschish lights.

Abdeslam rode by his side, and took one leg out of the stirrup, that the rekass might hold on to it.

"What is your news, Si Taieb?" he said.

"Bu Hamara has fled to the hills," said the rekass, and, as he spoke, great drops of rain fell upon the thirsty land, while Abdeslam proclaimed the Unity of Allah in a loud, triumphant voice.

"Our Master has prevailed over his enemies," he said, when he returned to my side, "and he has blessed the land."

"Suppose Bu Hamara should return?" I said.

"He will never prevail," replied Abdeslam. "When he becomes too strong, the Sultan will curse him and all who follow him, and it will be with them as it was with the men of Anjera."

"I know nothing of them," I confessed.

"The men of Anjera rebelled against our Master," said Abdeslam, "and he put his curse upon them. If they came to the town, men moved away from the market-place; if they went to a shop, the keeper of the house closed it; if they drank of a fountain, it was sealed straightway. No man would answer if they spoke; they were unclean, like the lepers of the city of Hara which is by the side of Marrakesh. Their pride was humbled, they sought forgiveness, and our Master in his mercy withdrew the curse."

The rain poured down heavily while we talked; the ground was becoming foul and slippery; we were some miles from our destination.

"Isn't it rather a pity," I suggested to Abdeslam, "that the Sultan—may his victories be enlarged!—did not postpone his blessing upon the land until we were under cover?"

Abdeslam did not think so.



DRIVING TWO MULES LOADED WITH CHARCOAL.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE American publishers who have been over this spring have had much to say of a scheme for uniting three of the leading houses in New York. It was thought at one time that the union was imminent, but I believe the plan will not be carried through. There would be an advantage in the lessening of expenses, but it is difficult to see how there can be a monopoly of popular authors or of ideas. A publishers' trust can hardly be carried through. There is nothing to prevent an enterprising man with fifty thousand pounds, a good stock of ideas, and two or three popular novelists to back him, from breaking any trust that could be framed.

"The Journal of Arthur Stirling" (Heinemann) is an American book professing to give the diary of a literary man who committed suicide. In order to add to the general verisimilitude, an Editor's Introduction is prefixed, with an obituary notice of the subject from the *New York Times*. Arthur Stirling committed suicide because publishers would not accept his books. "I have said it once, I say it again: that the publisher is part of the world, and his law is a law of iron; he publishes the books that will sell, and this feeble voice, this young love, this tender aspiration, this holy purpose—Oh, it is a thing to make one shudder." No doubt, publishers accept books which they hope will sell, but they are often enough disappointed. Will a publisher refuse a book of great power because it will not sell? Well, in the first place, I think any book of great power will sell sufficiently to make its publication safe even from the lowest point of view. Again, there are publishers not a few who would be proud to issue a book of genius even if it did not sell. But what book of genius ever in the end failed to sell?

"The Journal of Arthur Stirling" does not impress me, but it is worth while noting that there are a few genuine documents recording the painful tragedy which befell Arthur Stirling. One is preserved to us in the columns of the *Spectator* for 1862. It relates to a Scotch Editor, Mr. Alexander Birnie. He managed the Chester-le-Street *Liberal*, and became proprietor of the Falkirk *Liberal*. At Falkirk he failed, and set out on foot for Chester-le-Street with only a few pence in his pocket and a few of the cherished literary "productions" of his own pen. He kept a journal during his last days, and the brief sentences are simple utterances of human anguish undefaced by literary affectation. It took him fourteen days to die, and among his last entries are these: "I would like to have got to Chester-le-Street to be buried there, that my wife, when she looked on my grave, might forgive and weep. FRIDAY, 21st.—The ninth day without food. Got a drink of water last night. SABBATH, 23rd.—Eleven days. My legs are useless. Oh, God! when will it end? MONDAY, 24th.—Oh, I

am weary! One part of my body appears to be dead. I cannot go for a drink now. 24th FEBRUARY.—Seventeen days' suffering. During that time had twice a piece of bread. Twelve days without a morsel. TUESDAY, 25th.—Death comes on. I wait. I meet him without fear."

The register of his sufferings is written in the tone of a martyr, and is the expression of a most wonderful and stubborn literary pride.

The memoir of Dean Farrar, to be prepared by his eldest son, Dr. R. A. Farrar, will, it is expected, be a comparatively cheap book.

There is a good demand for expensive works of biography, but publishers have, perhaps, scarcely appreciated the possibilities of six-shilling biographies of really well-known men.

Mr. Heinemann's great enterprise, "English Literature: an Illustrated Record," in four volumes, has been launched by the publication of the first and third volumes. Dr. Garnett writes the first volume, which takes up from the Beginning to the Age of Henry VIII. Dr. Gosse has an easier task in narrating the history from Milton to Johnson. To criticise the literary matter fairly, one must remember that the space allotted to the authors is very limited and prevents anything beyond a chronicle. It is needless to say that the authors write with understanding, and in general accuracy they will compare favourably with other literary historians. The illustrations are the great feature, and it is bare justice to say that they far surpass anything hitherto attempted in this kind. Mr. Heinemann has followed good Continental examples, but he has excelled them. Nothing could be pleasanter than to turn over these pages.

Among the illustrations that specially please me are those of

Pepys' birthplace at Brampton, Northamptonshire; of Mrs. Pepys as St. Catherine; of Colley Cibber from the plaster bust by Roubillac; of Teresa Lount; of James Thomson after the portrait by Patoun; of Samuel Johnson after the portrait by Opie. The facsimiles of title-pages and letters are also most welcome. The frontispiece of Milton in the third volume is an admirable piece of work. The whole forms a magnificent album with a pleasantly written commentary, and the only improvement I can suggest is that the letterpress might have given a little more information about the pictures. Especially one sometimes wishes to know the authority on which certain portraits rest. There is no bibliography in the volumes.

It is reported that the Rockefellers are negotiating for the purchase of two leading English daily papers, one in London and one in the Midlands. I hesitate to believe it. The object would be too plain.

O. O.



"POPPING THE QUESTION."—VI. THE EARLY VICTORIAN STYLE.

## FOUR NEW BOOKS.

**"THE UNTILLED FIELD."**

By GEORGE MOORE.  
(Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

It need not concern us to inquire what axe—social, ethical, or anti-clerical—Mr. George Moore may have to grind in his new book. For "The Untilled Field" has been put forth as fiction, and as such alone it may fairly challenge criticism. The author, as the public has long ago discovered, knows how to write a story, but in the present volume he is curiously disappointing. The opening episode, "In the Clay," dealing with the threadbare conflict between Art and austere Religion, seems to promise material for a tale of unusual power. Mr. Moore can enlist sympathy with a touch, and, before the reader is aware, he is absorbed in the fortunes of Rodney, the struggling sculptor, and the pretty and innocent little typewriter who sat to him for his Blessed Virgin, or rather, for the first model on which the ultimate garments were to be draped. There were no adequate models in Dublin, and Lucy Delaney saw no wrong in her action. Not so the priest, who talked to her parents. Lucy's little brothers overheard, and next morning Rodney's masterpiece was a wreck. The artist, with Art before his eyes, puts from him the temptation to take Lucy to his bosom, and, lo! the story ends when it seemed but beginning. At the very end of the book, after a series of totally different stories, we again see the pretty model in rebellion, befriended in London by a kindly Clubman with whom she discusses quite frankly the beauty of her legs, and then goes back to Dublin to marry one Wainscott, a mathematical-instrument maker from Chicago. It is all very idyllic, but rather disheartening, for we can discover no reason why Mr. Moore knocks down his ninepins so ruthlessly. "The Wild Goose," a story of a Catholic wife who for conscience' sake betrays to the priest her husband's schemes of political and ecclesiastical reform, is, perhaps, the most powerful in the book, but here again we are wrung with unnecessary pathos. Mr. Moore remains an enigma.

**"THE ROMAN ROAD."**

By ZACK.  
(Constable. 6s.)

When will publishers begin to understand that it is bad business to disappoint the public? Take, for example, this new book of Zack's. It is made up of three stories—"The Roman Road," "The Balance," and "The Thoughty Ones." The cover, however, leads one to suppose that "The Roman Road" comprises the entire volume, and one is naturally annoyed to find that, at page 131, there is a fresh theme to be mastered. Even the title-page gives unnecessary prominence to "The Roman Road," for this story is very little longer than "The Balance." Indeed, of the two tales we much prefer the latter. It is fantastic, of course, and a little confused in meaning, but there is all that charm in the descriptions of Nature that constituted the chief delight of "The White Cottage." "An immense weight lay on Nature, pressing her down. She shivered in her grave-clothes; then she took breath, and, expanding her mighty lungs, she threw off the night, and it was day. Straight up from the earth a lark leapt heavenward, scattering his silver shower of song, till the dew-laden gossamers on the dried bents of grass seemed full of suspended melody. . . ." "The Roman Road" is another sort of story altogether. It treats, in a rather sordid manner, of high life in the country. Zack is more at home with her peasantry. Her attempts at epigrammatic humour, moreover, are painful to a degree: "No reasonable person dies from consumption nowadays. . . ." It makes one shudder. "The Thoughty Ones" tells of four children who played at make-believe in the annoyingly precocious manner common to the children of fiction. Zack seems to have been determined to show that she could write of other than the lowly side of life. We earnestly beg her to continue in that vein of literature unto which it has pleased the Muses to call her.

**"TWIXT GOD AND MAMMON."**

By W. EDWARDS TIREBUCK.  
(Heinemann. 6s.)

There is always something rather pathetic about the publication of a posthumous novel, and in the case of "Twixt God and Mammon" there are other circumstances which might well make even the most hardened of reviewers feel inclined to deal tenderly with a writer who inspired so charming and sincere a piece of work as is Mr. Hall Caine's introductory memoir. This same memoir opens with a statement that Count Tolstoy considers one of Mr. Tirebuck's earlier books, "Miss Grace of All Souls," as containing passages which may rank among the best examples of modern English fiction. If this be true, it must be said, with all due respect to the great Russian writer, that he is no judge of modern English fiction. Mr. Tirebuck, who was born in Liverpool just fifty years ago next year, was through his mother a Welshman, and it became his ambition to be in a very special sense the novelist of Wales. To a certain extent he succeeded, and there are passages in this book which go to show that he was intimately acquainted with the life as

led in the large, comfortable farms of the Principality. Still, it is impossible to agree with Mr. Hall Caine when he declares that he cannot but feel that his friend's comparatively early death robbed Wales of one of the truest and, perhaps, one of the greatest of her literary sons. Very touching and very interesting is the brief account given by Mr. Hall Caine of Tirebuck's early years and of his brief business-career. His first book, "Dorrie," dealt with the subject he knew best—the business-life of Liverpool; it had a certain measure of success, and, thus encouraged, Mr. Tirebuck, assisted by a devoted sister, set himself to try and make a definite position for himself among the writers of contemporary fiction. On the whole, he succeeded better than might have been expected, for, as regards this last book of his, "Twixt God and Mammon," it must be frankly admitted that he failed utterly to present a picture of real life. His hero, Gomer Deen, the poor-spirited creature who hesitates between God and Mammon, is supposed to be a clergyman of the Church of England, but the figure is completely out of drawing, the very language used by the senior curate being grotesquely unlike that of an ordinary educated man. Even more absurd is the presentment of the lady, the daughter of another clergyman, who represents Mammon. When dealing with the personality, the character, even the physical attributes of his Welsh heroine, Joy Probert, Mr. Tirebuck is, so to speak, on his native heath and makes one understand how it is that he obtained the measure of success he did. Especially excellent is his careful study of the Welsh bard, Josiah.

**"IN HAPPY HOLLOW."**

By MAX ADELER.  
(Ward, Lock. 6s.)

The chronicles of Happy Hollow make amusing reading. Given a little American town boomed into popularity by the enterprise and cash of an actor-manager, run by an extraordinary Colonel who acts as Mayor—the whole described in Max Adler's quaint style—the opportunity for humour is obvious. If there is fault to be found, it may be said to lie in the more sentimental part of the story, as the love-making between Ruby Bonner and the somewhat commonplace Professor who tells of the doings of Happy Hollow is of a very mild description—not to say reminiscent of the curate in a Vicarage drawing-room—and suggests a far more unpractised hand than that of the author. There is, of course, need for some relief to the humour, but it should be of a more successful nature. Over the troubles of Spiker, the Editor of the *National Defender*, no one can fail to make merry. Cash was scarce in Happy Hollow, and payment for advertisements had to be taken in kind. Thus does Spiker dwell on his woes to Mr. Sprat, the onlooker at the game: "This suit I have on cost me fifteen hundred lines on my third page. My shoes stand for a reading notice under the Dead and Married Ads. That hat represents thirty-four lines of nonpareil type e.o.d.t.f. ('every other day till forbid,' you know), and the man owes me sixteen more hats. . . . Why, hang it, man! even Felix Acorn shaves me for one inch four times a month in the department of 'Home and Neighbourhood.'" The poor Editor rebelled, however, when it came to one actor-manager paying for his theatrical advertisement with the bloodhounds which had figured in the unsuccessful representation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"! Of Colonel and Mrs. Bantam there is not space to speak at length, but those who read will laugh over their domestic strife, punctuated by touching reconciliations, although the references to the lady's back-hair tumbling down at moments of emotion (a cheap form of wit at any time) are exasperatingly numerous.

## ON THE TABLE.

**"Norwegian Byways."** By Charles W. Wood. (Macmillan. 6s.)—A chatty account of the travels of two men in Norway told in the first person.

**"Sir David Wilkie, R.A."** By William Bayne. (Walter Scott Publishing Company. 3s. 6d.)—One of the series of "The Makers of British Art." The frontispiece is a portrait of Sir David Wilkie painted by himself at the age of twenty-nine.

**"The Great Hoggarty Diamond."** By W. M. Thackeray. (Dent. 3s.)—"The authorised edition of the Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray," illustrated by Charles Brock. The frontispiece is a crayon portrait of Thackeray by Samuel Laurence.

**"Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte."** From the French of F. de Bourrienne. (Hutchinson. Cloth, 1s.; Leather, 2s.)—With this book Messrs. Hutchinson commence a new series entitled "The Library of Standard Biographies," which is to comprise a collection of the most important biographies and autobiographies of all nations.

**"Up To-morrow."** By W. Carter Platts. (Long. 3s. 6d.)—A humorous tale of the doings of a "progressive inventor." It is illustrated by the author and other artists.

**"All the Winners."** Nathaniel Gubbins. (Long. 3s. 6d.)—A volume of short sporting sketches.

**"The New Eden."** (Hodges, Figgis, and Co., Dublin; Simpkin, Marshall, London. 6s.)—A modern novel which bears on the title-page the quotation "Between the Old Eden and the New lies the Garden of Gethsemane."

**"British Political Leaders."** By Justin McCarthy. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)—Studies of living statesmen. With portraits.





## THE TRIUMPH OF THE EXPERT.

STEEPLE-JACK : Ah've just been oop yon stack. 'Wants repairin' at t' top.

OWNER : Nonsense !

STEEPLE-JACK : Eh, well, come oop and look f'r thasel' !

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

FOUR SEASONS.

BY LEWIS BAUMER.



THE FIRST SEASON: JUST OUT.



## LIFE IN OUR VILLAGE.

BY GUNNING KING



III.—"THE VILLAGE CHARITY."



## BERTIE AND MR. JINKS.

By JOHN WORNE.

"YOU are so unreasonable," said Bertie, sadly.

"Unreasonable!" echoed Eva. "Do you think I didn't see you touch her hand as you were turning over the music for her?"

"Her" was Lady Daren (*née* Noreham), who had joined the house-party at Sir John Wardlaw's place the day before.

"Who was the absurd ass who said that love was blind?" muttered Bertie. "Love has the eyes of a microscope."

"And—and you were whispering together the whole evening."

"But she's married!" said Bertie, with the mild protest of long-suffering innocence. "And *such* a pretty girl!" he added, in further self-defence.

"You think," continued Eva, waxing furious, "that because you are—were engaged to me, you can flirt outrageously with everybody in the house!"

Bertie turned away and gazed over the peaceful country, smiling under the after-breakfast sun. They were in the garden.

"You do me an injustice," he replied, with gentle reproof. "You forget the governess."

"I believe you'd flirt with *her*," she sobbed, "if she were not so old and ugly."

"It is not fair," he said, "to put hypothetical cases. You are angry, dear, or you would not do such a thing."

"I will not be called 'dear' by you!"

There was silence for a few seconds. Then he turned and sighed: "Well, I suppose, if you look at it in that way, there's nothing for it but to say good-bye for ever."

"I will never see you again!"

"I shall go away at once," he replied. He went towards the house, but stopped after a few steps. "By the way," he said, "don't mention this to anybody till I am well out of the country, will you? I hate fuss and congratulations and that sort of thing." He paused. "And, afterwards, you may lay the whole blame on me. Say it was *I* who—er—jilted *you*. I can bear it." He moved off slowly, but came back again. "I might as well take the ring," he said, "while I remember it."

She took it off hurriedly and gave it to him. He went into the house and ordered his man to pack his things. When she followed, after a five minutes' interval employed in banishing him from her mind, she heard Sir John's voice in indignant protest.

"What!" cried Sir John. "Going this morning? Never heard of such a thing! And the picnic starting in an hour, and the theatricals on Thursday! My dear fellow, don't talk nonsense!"

She passed them in the hall. Bertie was murmuring, "My poor aunt—"

"Here, Miss Rowen," said Sir John, "you can manage this young man."

"I am afraid I cannot pretend to be able to control Mr. Pilkington's movements," she said, icily.

Sir John raised his eyebrows.

"It really is absolutely necessary," said Bertie, looking sadly at an envelope which contained the latest edition (revised and enlarged) of his tailor's bill. "You see, my poor aunt—"

Eva went to her room and watched Bertie drive away in the dog-cart to the station, amidst universal lamentation. Lady Daren was particularly sorry. Eva knew she would be, and was glad.

Then she turned her thoughts to the things to be worn for the picnic. Not that she felt able to get up much interest in the entertainment, but she liked seeing other people enjoying themselves. They were going about six miles up the river, and the fleet consisted of five or six boats. Many of the party had a very distinct idea which boat they wanted to go in. Eva didn't care in the least. She even volunteered to go in the boat containing hampers and rowed by the hired boatman. Sir John protested against her self-sacrifice. Eva insisted, and said she wouldn't be bored. She only wanted the others to be happy. Enid Stafford thought it so sweet of her, till Lord Bobby Dalmainham declared that *he* would sacrifice himself too. Eva thought he would do as well as anybody, and did not object. She rather liked Lord Bobby's amusing ways. Besides, she was free now—Oh, glorious freedom!

And so it was arranged. Eva and Lord Bobby settled themselves comfortably in the stern.

"Where is the boatman?" said Lord Bobby.

The man who was helping the party off (being himself a master boatman from the neighbouring town) looked round and whistled.

"I'm giving you a most reliable man, my Lord. Jinks!"

"Good!" said Lord Bobby; "I like his name."

"I 'ope you'll find 'im everything you want, my Lord. Jinks!"

Jinks came slowly round the corner of a shed, touching his cap. He was a boatman to inspire confidence. His scrubby beard, bronzed face, and rolling gait spoke the hardened mariner, and his nose was most remarkably beery. He wore a blue jersey and woollen gloves, and the trousers which hung in folds over his boots were the colour of an artist's palette scraped before the cleaning. He was supplied at great expense; and warranted.

"Aye, aye, sur!" said Jinks. His accent was mixed, and suggested Yorkshire, Somerset, and Whitechapel without exactly coming straight from any of these places.

"Now then!" said the master boatman, sharply. "You're late!"

"Aye, aye, sur!" said Jinks, and got in and took the oars. "Oi do be gen'ly a bit la-a-te." He beamed on the couple in the stern. Lord Bobby smiled pleasantly. That seemed the thing to do. Jinks spat on his gloves and began rowing steadily but without great pace.

"Will you steer or shall I?" said Lord Bobby to Eva.

She was about to say, "Oh, *you* steer!" when Jinks spoke: "Thee'd best leave t' steerin' to them as knaws."

"I beg your pardon?" said Lord Bobby, indignantly.

"Granted, Aw'm sure," said Jinks, with condescension.

"Are we having a shilling's-worth at Margate?" muttered Lord Bobby, dropping the rudder-lines after some hesitation.

"I suppose this is what it feels like," said Eva.

The mariner plodded on, putting the oars in deep and bringing them aloft with a jerk. Occasionally he grunted. Conversation in the stern was difficult.

Lord Bobby thought, after a time, he might as well be friendly. He was doubtful how people of this class liked to be spoken to, but began genially: "And where do you come from, my man?"

Jinks paused a moment and seemed to be engaged in thought. Then he said, slowly, "Soomta-aines one pla-ace, soomta-aines another: it depends mostly whur Aw wur la-a-st."

"Ah!" said Lord Bobby, taking that in carefully; "I see. And that fellow," he muttered to Eva, "probably has a vote."

"When Aw wur young," said Jinks, "folks did sa-ay as it wur rude to whisper."

Lord Bobby turned sharply: "Mind your own business!"

"Oo, aye!" said Jinks, quite unruffled, and then relapsed into silence, if the funny noises he was continually making can be so described.

"I think we are going to have a lovely day," said Lord Bobby to Eva.

"Yes," she replied. "So far, it has amused me much."

"Oh, I meant the weather!" said Lord Bobby. He was feeling vaguely that the eye of Jinks was uncomfortably oppressive. This was not the pleasant little flirtation to which he had looked forward when he sacrificed himself. There was a puritanical rigour about the beard of the old scoundrel facing them which made frivolity of any kind seem out of place.

They had proceeded in silence for some time, when he said, casually, "Any idea why Bertie had to cut in such a hurry?"

"He said something about his aunt," replied Eva, with indifference.

"Yes, I know; but I was thinking he might possibly have told *you* the truth."

"Why?" she asked.

"I thought that if you were engaged you told each other everything."

"That is the very reason for telling each other nothing."

"By Jove!" said Lord Bobby. "You surprise me. Then there's probably heaps of things I could tell you about Bertie that you've never heard!"

Jinks leaned further forward than was necessary for driving the boat on.

"Probably," said Eva, drily.

"I can assure you he's had a most interesting career. Did he ever tell you about that—?"

"Aw read i' th' Scripture," said Jinks, solemnly, "that the backboiter coom to a bad end."

Lord Bobby looked at the man with astonishment and was on the point of saying something very violent indeed.

"Confound your infernal—!" he began; but the eye of Jinks fixed him and the nose of Jinks fascinated him.

"Oo, aye!" said Jinks. "Aw've bin i' loove meself, an' Aw've sooffer'd from 'em. Aw knaw, Aw do!"



"Suffered from what?" asked Eva, sympathetically.

"Backboiters and slanderers and free-thinkers, and sich-loike."

He shook his head sadly.

"What did they do to you?" said Eva, gently.

She preferred the conversation of the old gentleman to that of Lord Bobby, who was at this moment feeling distinctly inferior.

"Oo, aye!" said Jinks. "Oo, aye!" He gazed into space with a far-away look, and Eva thought she saw a tear trickle down his weather-beaten cheek and lose itself in his scrubby beard.

"I'm very sorry," she said, pitying him deeply, "if I have touched upon a subject you don't care to speak about."

He turned his eye upon her and drew his gloved hand across his nose, as mariners sometimes do. The oars lay motionless on the water. "Oo, aye!" he said. Then he woke up and plugged ahead for a few strokes. They waited for him to speak.

"It be foive-an'-fifty year come Martinmas," he said, "sin' Aw spoke abaht it la-ast, Miss, thank ye kindly."

"Please don't trouble," said Eva, "if it hurts you."

"If ye don't want ter 'ear it," he said, sulkily, "it bean't fur me to—"

"No, no!" exclaimed Eva, hurriedly. "I didn't mean that; I should like to hear it very much." Clearly a touchy old gentleman. There was another long pause while the sea-dog seemed to be rummaging in the dusty corners of memory. At last he began.

"'Er na-ame," he said, "it wur Eloiza."

"How you must have loved her!" said Eva, with feeling.

"Thee ma-ay well say that," he replied, mournfully shaking his ancient head. "It wur summat awful!"

He stopped again. The story had to be coaxed out of him.

"Aw wur walkin' aht wi' t' lass—aye, she wur a bonny lass: thee woan't zee sich-loike nowadays!" Another pause.

"And were you to be married?" asked Eva.

"Oo, aye! that we wur. Oo, aye! To be married, fur sure."

This gave him food for reflection for quite five minutes.

"And what happened?" asked Eva, softly. She was finding this most interesting. He roused himself from his lethargy.

"Oo, aye!" he said. "It wur loike this, tha' knaws—'er wur jealous. Thur was backboiters an' slanderers an' free-thinkers, an' sich-loike." Yet another pause.

"What did they do to you?"

"They was a-tellin' 'er that Oi wur carryin' on loike wi' another young lass—she wur a foine gal, too, she wur, Oi can tell thee." He grunted with approbation. "An' Eloiza, *she* wur jealous. They was a-tellin' 'er ta-ales, abaht Oi same as this young fellow might be tellin' thee—"

Lord Bobby coughed and seemed on the point of saying something.

"Don't interrupt," said Eva.

"An' Eloiza," Jinks went on very deliberately, with pain in his accents, "she zaid as she zaw Oi a-touchin' th' 'and o' t' other lass an' whisperin' in 'er ear loike—" He paused, as if overcome. The mournful cadences of his voice thrilled a chord in Eva's heart. Was she thinking of a tragedy that happened far, far less than five-and-fifty years ago? Can a woman's thoughtless jealousy thus wreck a human life? Five-and-fifty years! Truly still waters run very deep.

"And—and did she send you away?" she asked, with a choking feeling in her throat.

"Oo, aye," said Jinks, "that she did, Oi can tell thee."

He pulled harder at the oars, as if work would lighten his grief. Lord Bobby thought it time to put in a word.

"It blasted your existence, I suppose?" he said. His lightness of tone jarred upon Eva's mood. Jinks looked at him solemnly and long before replying.

"Aw doan't know," he said, "as Aw would put it loike that in t' presence o' a ledly. Aw read in t' Scripture, 'Tha' shall not swear!' Leastwise," he added, as an after-thought, "not in t' presence of a ledly."

Lord Bobby was discouraged. More silence followed.

"And—and did she never forgive you?" asked Eva.

The poor, rugged old man shook his head and once more drew his hand across his nose. Eva's heart bled for him.

"And all because of wicked, untrue stories!" she began, indignantly.

Jinks interrupted her. He shook his head again.

"Aw do-an't knaw," he said, "as Aw sh'ud say 'ontrue.' Not azactly 'ontrue,'" he repeated. "Aw 'm nobbut sa-ayin' thur warn't summat in what she thowt abaht me. She wur a foine gal, wur Polly."

"I thought you said her name was Eliza," Eva said, gently.

"Oo, aye!" he replied. "Polly wur t' na-ame o' t' other lass."

"Oh!" said Eva.

"It wur Polly Aw married," he continued, "when 'er fust 'usband died."

"Oh!" said Eva again.

"Beggin' yer pardon," said Jinks, suddenly.

He stopped, dropped the oars, and began lurching towards them. They both looked at him in surprise.

"What do you want?" said Lord Bobby, abruptly.

He just glanced behind them at the rudder and his face cleared. He returned to his seat and began rowing again.

"Beggin' yer pardon," he said, apologetically; "Aw thowt thur was summat a-stickin' to t' roodder. It wur on'y yer 'and creepin' round behoidn t' young wumman's wa-aist"

Lord Bobby quickly put both his hands in front of him and Eva blushed furiously.

"Thank you, Jinks," she said, in a low voice.

Lord Bobby was pale with fury.

Nothing more was said by anybody till they reached the place at which they were to land, but there was a gleam in Jinks's eye.

The boat had to come alongside a grassy bank under overhanging trees. Some of the others had already arrived and were waiting for lunch. The water was muddy and running rapidly. Jinks went up into the bow with the boat-hook.

"Mind!" shouted Sir John. "The stream is running strong."

"Aye, aye, sur!" said Jinks.

Lord Bobby stood up, caught the branch of a tree which stretched out some yards over the water, and began pulling the stern in towards the land. He turned to Eva.

"I apologise, Miss Rowen," he said, in a low tone, "for giving that old brute an excuse for insulting you. You don't believe—?"

Nobody saw exactly how it happened. It was probably the result of Lord Bobby's trying to do two things at once; but there was a jerk, Lord Bobby staggered, clutched at the branch with both hands, pushed the boat away in trying to recover his feet, and was left hanging gracefully while Jinks and Eva were carried down the stream.

Lord Bobby was not clever at gymnastics. The branch lowered him down gently till his feet were kicking in the water. "Bring that bally boat!" he yelled.

"Oo, aye!" said Jinks, whose movements were most exasperatingly slow. "Coomin', sur, coomin'! Thee howd on toight, sur! Moind, sur; thee's wettin' thy boots! Doan't thee lose thy 'ead, now!" While giving these valuable instructions he was carefully and deliberately crawling back to his place, putting the oars out, fixing the stretcher, rubbing off his hands any dirt that might have clung to them from the boat-hook, re-arranging the cushion on the seat, and generally making preparations for a successful rescue.

"Oh, do hurry!" said Eva. "I hear the branch cracking!"

"Oo, aye, Miss!" he replied, and began paddling gently. He did not seem to think the matter as serious as Lord Bobby did; neither did anybody else, if you could judge from the sounds coming from the bank. Human beings are brutal to one another.

Jinks turned round and gave more instructions.

"Thee keep thyself quiet!" he shouted. "Coomin', sur, coomin'!"

Lord Bobby stopped struggling and bawled, "What in thunder are you waiting for?" His arms were getting most tired.

"Lift thyself oop on to t' branch!" shouted Jinks.

Lord Bobby tried and managed to get his arm over it.

"That's roight, sur; thee's doin' foine!"

"What do I do next?" said Lord Bobby.

"Tha'llt knaw, lad, when t' branch breaks," said Jinks, grimly.

"Oh!" Eva gave a little scream. There was a crack and Lord Bobby knew what he did next. With a spasm and a splutter he went under. He came splashing to the surface and yelled, "I can't swim!" The stream carried him at once under a mass of overhanging foliage. Jinks's style of rowing changed at once, and three powerful strokes brought him to the spot.

"We can't get under there," said Eva, terrified.

Jinks looked around. "Afraid we can't!" he said. Quickly he threw off his boots and jersey, said, "You take the oars and hold the boat here, Eva!" and was over the side before she had time to realise that Bertie himself was risking his life for the friend who had wronged him. Nobody had time to think. Sir John and the rest on the shore were plunging through long grass with oars and boat-hooks, and Eva was frantically pushing the branches aside and doing her best to drive the boat in towards the two men. "Bertie! Bertie!" she called, in wild alarm.

"Hullo!" said Bertie, gruffly, not with joy at saving a life or fear or excitement, or any of these things, but simply unspeakable disgust.

"Are you safe, dear?" she cried.

"Oh, we're safe enough!" came Bertie's voice, and he emerged from the tangle of branches and leaves, closely followed by Lord Bobby. They had their hands in their pockets, and the water came up not quite to their waists.

"Nice pair of silly fools we look!" snarled Bertie. "You couldn't drown a kitten in this!"

"Let's have a wash," said Lord Bobby. "You want it." The paint was trickling in little rivulets down Bertie's face and the beard was hanging loose at one side. But to Eva he was none the less a hero. He leaned over the side of the boat as they pushed it to land.

"So it was you all the time?" she murmured. "Why did you never tell me you were so brave?"

"That is the one secret I kept from you, darling."

"I say, Bertie," said Lord Bobby, "shall we cry quits?"

Lord Bobby was trying to pretend he had done it on purpose.

"Certainly," said Bertie. "Let's go and dress for lunch."

They found strange garments at a neighbouring cottage whose inhabitants kindly took them in.

They were floating back that evening down the stream alone, and Eva steered. The moon was rising. There is nothing like moonlight for settling questions.

"Bertie?" said Eva.

"Yes, darling?"

"Did you really think so much of Polly?"

"Oh, Polly was well enough, but she couldn't tie the boot-lace of Eliza."

She sighed happily and murmured, "You do make it so impossible not to be engaged to you!"

THE END.



# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



**T**HEATRICALY speaking, the present "epoch" (as the Prehistoric Mr. George Robey would say) will doubtless be known in time to come as the "Adaptation Age." Since the early days of the British Drama, when Shakspeare and his play-acting and play-making comrades were wont to dramatise sundry foreign romances, and certainly since the early days of such prosperous storytellers as Dickens, Lytton, Lever, Harrison Ainsworth, and Marryat, there has never been such a swooping-down upon novels for the making of plays withal. Already within the last few weeks we have been (more or less) regaled with new dramatisations of "Oliver Twist," "The Old Curiosity Shop," and "No Thoroughfare." By the time this issue of *The Sketch* is being published, a new dramatisation of "Bleak House" will be produced at the Grand, Islington; and ere long we are to see at least three new plays based upon "David Copperfield," one by Mr. Ben Landeck, one by Mr. W. H. Day, and another by Mr. Wilson Barrett. I also learn of two plays founded upon the one-time often adapted "Barnaby Rudge"—a dramatisation of which first introduced Mrs. John Wood to the English stage, in 1866, as Miggs. Likewise I learn of impending musical versions of this story and of "Oliver Twist" (which narrative is also being dramatised by Mr. Comyns Carr for Mr. Beerbohm Tree), and of a Dickens pantomime, forsooth, by Mr. Walter Summers. Moreover, even as I write, lo! I receive official tidings of a resolve by Mr. Willard to produce during his season at the St. James's in the autumn a dramatisation by himself of the principal Tom Pinch episodes in "Martin Chuzzlewit." Why Mr. Willard should want to write a new play around the gentle Tom Pinch is not quite clear, seeing that he has for years past been playing a very good drama called "Tom Pinch," written some twenty years ago by Mr. J. J. Dilley and the late Mr. Lewis Clifton Lyne.

It was originally played at the Vaudeville, about twenty years ago, with Mr. Thomas Thorne as Tom. Since then this beautiful character has been one of Mr. Willard's greatest successes.

But other novelists besides Dickens are being seized upon for dramatic purposes. For example, I hear of two projected "Pendennis" plays, of another adaptation of "Esmond," and even of an attempt upon "The Newcomes." So, what with these and with the comparatively recent "boom" in "Vanity Fair" plays, it would seem that Thackeray—who, like Dickens, was a very defective dramatist on his own account—is to be well represented on our stage. A certain "adapter" known to me has been looking up Marryat, but appears to regard that novelist as rather out-of-date. This may, perhaps, be the case with Marryat's stories of the nautical life of his time; but I should think that the would-be adapter had overlooked that splendid romance, "The Phantom Ship," which has not been dramatised since my late lovable friend, Henry Pettitt, did it about a quarter of a century ago. On the other hand, I find signs of a new run upon the romances of Bulwer-Lytton for dramatic purposes. "Eugene Aram" was, of course, re-dramatised a while ago, but not too skilfully, for Mr. Martin Harvey, and now I learn that Mr. H. W. Varna, one of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's clever touring stage-managers, has prepared and copyrighted a new stage-version of Mr. "Bulwig's" great romance, "The Last Days of Pompeii." The last serious dramatisation of this story I saw in London was that produced at the old Queen's Theatre in Long Acre in the last century's early 'seventies, when Glaucus was played by the

now famous Australian actor-manager, Mr. George Rignold, and the blind girl, Nydia, was impersonated by Miss Henrietta Hodson, now Mrs. Henry Labouchere.

In concluding these few remarks on the "recrudescence" of story-dramatisation, it is only fitting and fair to add that our living novelists are not to be neglected. In proof whereof please note that Miss Constance Fletcher (otherwise "George Fleming") is now finishing an adaptation of Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," for Mr. Charles Frohman. A dramatisation will anon be seen of a new and lurid romance, called "The Flame and the Flood," by Miss Rosamond Langbridge, daughter of the Rev. Fred Langbridge, part-dramatiser of "The Only Way" and of the aforesaid "Eugene Aram" play for Mr. Martin Harvey. Mr. E. S. Boddington, an able American journalist, has just shown to me a "copyrighted" drama based by him upon Miss Mary Johnston's powerful and varied early Virginian romance, "To Have and to Hold." Finally, even that smart, original play-writer, Mrs. Madeleine Lucette

Ryley, has joined the ranks of the adapters, and is even now engaged upon a dramatisation of Mr. Henry Harland's novel, "The Lady Paramount."

Our coming adaptations for the British stage are not to be confined to dramatised novels. Mr. George Alexander has the new French play, "Les Affaires sont les Affaires," which he has, he tells me, commissioned that incisive novelist Mr. Robert S. Hichens to adapt. Mr. Frank Curzon will, next Wednesday, present at the Criterion an English version of MM. Hennequin and Duval's "Le Coup de Fouet," prepared by Miss Marie Tempest's husband, Mr. Charles Edward Stuart Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, who was wont to act as "Cosmo Stuart" for short. Mr. Charles Frohman is now having adapted two German plays, namely, "Der Blinde Passagier" (for Sir Charles Wyndham's



ACT I.

ACT II.

MISS ISA BOWMAN AS "THE ROSE OF THE RIVIERA," PRODUCED AT BRIGHTON ON MONDAY OF LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

use) and "Der Hochtourist," which is, I find, a screaming farcical comedy by Curt Kraatz, one of the authors of "Are You a Mason?" And, as the song says, "there are others."

That ever-sustaining if somewhat Sabbath-breaking body, the Stage Society, will, on June 7, give at the Imperial its last Sunday performance of the season. The programme, which will be repeated next Monday afternoon, will consist of three little dramas, namely, "The Golden Rose," by Mr. Ian Robertson; "The Waters of Bitterness," by S. M. Fox (whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss is not stated); and Mr. George Bernard Shaw's satire, entitled "The Admirable Bashville; or, Constaney Unrewarded."

Next Monday we are to see the commencement of the French play season at the Garrick, when Madame Jeanne Granier et Cie. will revive "Les Deux Ecoles"—just a week before Madame Sarah Bernhardt starts her French play season at the Adelphi.

But, of course, by far the most important theatrical event of next Monday will be Mr. Beerbohm Tree's grand special one-night production of our Laureate's Scottish play, "Flodden Field." In this, the first staged drama of Mr. Austin's, Mr. Tree will impersonate James IV.; Mr. Oscar Asche, the Earl of Surrey; Mr. Fisher White, Sir John Heron; Mr. Lionel Brough, the Seneschal; Mr. Henry Ainley, Donald Grey (Captain of the Ford Troop); Miss Miriam Clements, Margery (an orphan); and Miss Constance Collier, Lady Heron, that orphan's adopted mother. The period is 1513, and, to be strictly exact, the day is Sept. 9.



# KEY-NOTES

IT is quite a novel experience to hear two exponents of one part in the course of the same evening at the Opera, but, the other night, at Covent Garden, at the performance of "Die Walküre," we actually had two Wotans. Herr Van Rooy took the part during the first two Acts, but, owing to an extremely sudden indisposition,

he was obliged to relinquish his task, although he had been singing, up to that point, beautifully. Herr Mohwinkel undertook to fulfil the part during the rest of the opera. He was in every way a most worthy substitute, his singing in the "Abschied" being very dignified and his acting worthy of the highest praise. Madame Ternina was the Brünnhilde of the occasion, and a very wonderful Brünnhilde she is. Her great dignity, coupled



SIGNOR BUSONI.

*Photograph by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.*

with her admirable fulfilment of all the Wagnerian traditions, in both her manner and her gesture, are quite inimitably fine. Fräulein Fremstad was a very excellent Fricka, and Herr Kraus, in the part of Siegmund, accomplished all the requirements of the rôle. The orchestra was under the able direction of Herr Löhse, who gave a very excellent rendering of the orchestral part of the opera, the playing of the brass being a most notable feature of the evening's performance.

A most enjoyable evening was given us at Covent Garden on Saturday, May 23, by reason of a performance of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." This is one of the works of Rossini which have remained fresh and young; the music is charming, and the libretto, unlike others involving this composer's work, is consistent and significant. The melodies are bright and gay, and show Rossini in one of his most rollicking moods. Fräulein Wedekind made her London début in the part of Rosina and sang delightfully; she has a flexible and pure voice, and acted with great humour, giving to the character a feeling of freshness that was quite charming to note. Signor Bonci, as the Count, sang with all his accustomed charm, and acted (a rare word of praise) as well as he sang. Signor Pini-Corsi was the Figaro, and gave an excellent interpretation, his pure comedy proving to be a most amusing factor to all of us who care for the old comic operatic spirit. M. Journet, as Basilio, and M. Gilibert, as Bartolo, were extremely good, and Mdle. Bauermeister, in the part of Bertha, sang really with spirit and charm. Signor Mancinelli conducted the opera, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy the work, his attention to detail showing his perfect knowledge of the work which he had taken in hand.

Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann made his appearance at the Bechstein Hall on the afternoon of the same day, when a very large audience assembled to do honour to this exquisite player. To many the chief interest naturally centred in his Chopin playing. In the "Polonaise" in C-sharp Minor he was especially attractive, and in the Nocturne in

D-flat and the Study in G-flat he was sufficiently attractive to his audience that a repetition of the Study was insisted upon. He also played Mozart's Rondo in F Minor, and Mendelssohn's "Song Without Words" in G-flat, if one may use the singular phrase.

On the same afternoon at the Queen's Hall the seventh Concert of the Beethoven Festival was given. The Beethoven Quintet in C Major for two violins, two violas, and violoncello was beautifully played, the parts being taken by Prof. Kruse, Mr. Haydn Inwards, Mr. A. E. Ferir, Mr. Percy Such, and Mr. E. Tomlinson. Mr. Ben Davies sang the cycle of songs "An die entfernte Geliebte" with great beauty of expression, this singer realising all the deep and pathetic appeal which the composer buried in this series of vocal pieces. Herr Felix Weingartner was the pianist of the afternoon, and played in the trio in B-flat excellently well.

On the Monday night, under Herr Felix Weingartner, we had a wonderful performance of the Choral Symphony—the Ninth. This is, perhaps, the most difficult work to perform in all music. Steadily Beethoven increases his demands both on his principals and on his choir. In the end, he reaches such a pitch that only under very exceptional conditions can even an adequate performance be secured. The Dulwich Philharmonic Society, however, sang admirably, and the soloists, in the persons of Miss Agnes Nicholls, Miss Muriel Foster, Mr. John Coates, and Mr. Frangon-Davies, were quite in excellent form. The great final choral movement was fulfilled under magnificent circumstances, and the applause that greeted the end of the concert ranks among one's exceptional memories.

COMMON CHORD.

Australia is in a special sense the land of great singers. Melba has long been the musical daughter of whom Greater Britain is most proud; Miss Ada Crossley, that sweet singer, is also Australian by birth; and now from the Antipodes comes Miss Bertha Bird, the new Australian soprano, whose clear, bell-like voice of marvellous quality and timbre has been compared by those critics who remember the "Swedish Nightingale" to that of Jenny Lind.

Mr. Stuart Baynes is the possessor of a fine baritone voice that should be heard to advantage on many concert-platforms. He has studied at



MISS BERTHA BIRD.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*

the Royal Academy of Music, and has been working under Henry Russell junior, George Henschel, and Signor Baraldi. Natural gifts and training have made him a good singer. Mr. Baynes must acquire confidence in himself—he will be quite justified in doing so—and he must take some lessons in deportment, for, in common with nine out of every ten singers, he cannot yet make an effective entrance or exit.



MR. STUART BAYNES.

*Photograph by Beresford, Brompton Road, S.W.*



*The Purley Track—Registration Bill—The Race in Ireland—Summer Clothing.*

THE regrettable incidents of the Versailles-Bordeaux stage of the Paris-Madrid race are, in themselves, a strong argument in favour of the rapid establishment of the proposed Motordrome at Purley-Warlingham. This course, which will make a circuit of about seven miles, will exhibit all the characteristics of a give-and-take road, and, though covered several times over by cars in competition, will try and test these vehicles just as thoroughly as though they had run any allotted distance straight on end. Further, by the establishment of timing and signalling apparatus and accurate measurements, results can be mathematically and therefore most satisfactorily checked. The track—at least, the major portion of it—will be very nearly straight, but with a slight and flat curve at one end. The ends will be connected by loops, banked up as to one half for thirty-five miles per hour, and as to the other for sixty miles per hour, so that both touring and racing cars can be tested thereon. The straight portion of the track will afford a straight mile and kilomètre with a three hundred yards' take-off at the commencement of the mile. It will also boast a hill quite suitable in every way for hill-climbing tests, offering, in a length of six hundred yards, gradients varying from one in twenty to one in seven.

We in this country are not over-subject to panic legislation, and, therefore, I do not presume that the scare produced by the regrettable accidents in the first stage of the Paris-Madrid race is likely to bring about any agitation for the withdrawal of the authorisation of the Gordon Bennett race in Ireland next month. If the permission was withdrawn, a real injustice would be done to all concerned, and particularly to Ireland. The features of the two events are so entirely dissimilar that interference of the kind has no warranty whatsoever. In place of a hundred-and-sixty-odd racing-cars loosed off on a straight-away run of over three hundred and forty miles at one-minute intervals, there will, at the most, be only a dozen cars upon the road in Ireland, and gaps of five minutes at least, or even more, can easily be set between these. Moreover, the safeguarding of the course from one end to the other, a distance of ninety miles only, is being most carefully organised by the Automobile Club, who will cause no less than seven thousand officials, police and soldiery, to keep the track clear of all during the progress of the competition. Side-roads making junction with the course are to be closed some hours before the start, and the spectators will be obliged, as far as possible, to retire behind the hedges during



A DANGEROUS CORNER ON THE COURSE OF THE GORDON BENNETT RACE.

*Photograph by Lawrence, Dublin.*

To private automobilists as well as to manufacturers this motor-course should be very welcome, for, while the former can thereon do his little bit of speeding, the latter can test his finished chassis, with their ugly trial-bodies on top, without fear of the gentleman in blue for one thing, or of shocking the public taste by the sight of greasy-capped mechanics on dirty-grey trial-bodies running along the public roads for another. It is intended to make the most careful scientific arrangements with regard to clocking speed contests or trials, a recognised and tried form of electric timing being installed and the most expert hand-timers retained. The course is being made of sufficient width to race two or more motors abreast, so that, on days when the grounds are thrown open to the public, they will have something more to excite them than single cars running at high speed round the track against the watch; they will have their pulses quickened and their blood sent coursing through their veins by the spectacle of, say, two or even three mighty 80 horse-power racers careering neck-and-neck down the track at a rate of progression which will put to shame the best paces of the Boat Express on the Chemin de Fer du Nord of France. And all this with comparative safety to the drivers and content to the public.

The terms of the Registration of Motor Vehicles Bill, promoted by the Automobile Club in view of the mandate the Legislation Committee received from the postal ballot of the members, are already known. Every owner of a motor-car will, should this Bill become law, be required to register himself as such owner and to display upon his vehicle a number by which his vehicle can be identified. The method of registration is not particularised, but I presume it will be made as simple as possible, and that it will be hedged round with no greater difficulties than those concerned with taking out a licence for a gun or a dog.

the event. The risks to the drivers cannot be guarded against, but, of course, every sport has its accompanying danger.

The sudden arrival of hot weather renders the heavy motor-clothing which has been our only wear of late quite too oppressive, so that our motor-tailors have hurried to put light, cool, but dust-proof garments before us in considerable variety. The "Motorities" (terrible word!) of Messrs. Alfred Dunhill and Co., which are now showing at that firm's establishment in Conduit Street, include some very practical but, nevertheless, smart and becoming garments for the fair automobilist. Among these, I noticed the other day some really delightful water-proofed silk dust-covers, made with high collars, in becoming colours, and by which a lady can wholly and entirely protect her ordinary calling-costume from the dust. Her headgear and hair can also be most efficiently protected from the dust-fiend by a tasteful hood in very light waterproof silk, made to draw close round the throat and thence spread out well over the shoulders in a short mackintosh-cape. This makes quite a pretty headgear, and, moreover, does what is claimed for it. Motor-caps in straw, with a stiff leather peak, are quite the newest things in Dunhill's stock for men, and, as they are cool, smart, and light, are certain to have a large vogue during the warm weather. In making claim that they supply automobilists with everything but cars, Messrs. Dunhill are quite within the truth.

M. Charron, not being able to get his 80 horse-power car ready in time for the Paris-Madrid race, rode in a 15 horse-power touring-car built by his firm (F. Charron, Girardot, et Voigt), and was the thirtieth to arrive at Bordeaux. M. Voigt, riding on his 40 horse-power "C. G. V." car, arrived sixth. He started number one hundred and fifty-three, and therefore he must have passed more than a hundred cars on the road. This was a notable performance.



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Future Events—Summer Drinks—Fine Feathers—Lady Punters.*

WITH the Epsom Summer Meeting over, we have a heavy list of holiday fixtures to get rid of, including the Manchester Cup, which, I am told, will be won by Cliftonhall. The prospects for the Ascot Meeting are very encouraging, and up to now the going is all that could be desired. The attendance will, as I have said before, be a biggest on record, as the Yankee Invasion this year is a tall one, while the soldiers home from South Africa will help to swell the crowd. The King and Queen are to attend the races in full State on the Tuesday and the Thursday, and those ladies who want a perfect view of the Royal Procession should take their places early on the top of the Grand Stand. From the south-west corner of the stand it is possible to see their Majesties alighting from their carriage and being received by the Lord Chamberlain. The racing at Ascot will be good, as all the best two-year-olds and handicap performers are being reserved for the meeting. R. Marsh, John Porter, and Captain Beatty are very likely to have some good wins at the meeting.

As a body, racegoers are a temperate set of men. As a matter of fact, very few professional men imbibe intoxicants during the hot summer days. The majority of the bookmakers go in for fruit, such as grapes, pears, strawberries, and tomatoes. I have seen the big plunger, Mr. C. Hannam, drink a small portion of claret-cup, but he very seldom drinks anything, while that astute backer Arthur Cockburn always favours ginger-beer. Strange to relate, several of the jockeys who should know better indulge freely in champagne, but if they acted wisely they would go in for oatmeal-and-water instead. The latter drink is always given to hard workers in tropical climates. It is a safe thirst-quencher, and in time becomes very palatable. Scotch-and-soda is not a drink to be recommended with the thermometer standing at eighty degrees or so in the shade; and as for beer, it is best left alone this weather by those who have to work with their heads as well as their hands.

Some of the ladies' hats worn at race-meetings just now are really lovely, but the fine feathers are a nuisance to dwellers in the back-rows

of the stands who want to watch the racing in peace and comfort. Indeed, on the Club Stand of a certain fashionable Metropolitan meeting, a few days ago, I heard several shouts of "Hats off in front!"; but the shout was drawn blank. The majority of the ladies, when asked, very considerably close their sunshades, but I am sorry to notice that some ladies who ought to know better will persist in standing when they should remain seated, so that people behind them may get some sort of view of the racing they paid to witness. A little tact and thoughtfulness displayed by all racegoers would ensure everybody being made comfortable, and I, for one, do not see why Club Managers should not insist on all Club members behaving themselves properly while the races were being run. A few "Hints to Club Members" would bring about the desired result.

Many ladies now work their own commission at race-meetings, and some are fairly successful, but the majority of them do not know how to bet. They approach a bookmaker and ask the price about a horse. The professional, seeing his opportunity, often quotes several points under the odds, and the ladies take these, only to discover later on that they have made a mistake. The dear creatures should always wait until the price was called out in the interests of the book, and then close with it. In this way they would get at least equitable odds, and sometimes they would capture more than the odds. An initial mistake made by lady punters is to forget to demand the stake-money on winning bets. One or two hardened lady speculators go from the top to the bottom of the rails in search of good prices, but they generally, in their eagerness, miss their market and finish up by taking a short price. They do not know how to deal with a horse that vacillates in the market, whereas the weather-beaten male operator never loses his head in a "rocky" deal. The ladies seldom pick out winners for themselves, but they will bet on any animal that is given them, and, as a rule, they back more than one horse in a race. One woman punter who is to be seen in Tattersall's Ring at many of the meetings has held her own as a backer for years, but it is said she only bets when she gets good information.

CAPTAIN COE.

## TWO STAGE FAVOURITES AND THEIR PETS.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



MISS RUBY RAY.

*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

**C**HAMPAGNE is to exert influence in new directions this Season—not that its time-honoured prerogative of turning a grey world into a rosy-hued one (temporarily) will be interfered with. It is merely that the pinkish-yellow hue beloved of poetic and prosaic alike has struck the imagination of the fashionable mode-maker, and so we are to have champagne-coloured suede gloves, champagne-hued frocks of voile and mousseline, pelerines in feathers and marabout of the same intoxicating tone, with goodness knows what beside.

Many of the new gowns are gauged extensively just now—an unbecoming and floppety style of garmenting oneself, I always think; but the manner prevails at the moment, and there is no doubt that angular figures profit thereby, for a gauged gown is never fitting raiment for the rotund, whereas it has nice, broad effects on bony females. The old scarf of grandmotherly days will also be an inevitable accompaniment of smart summer-costumes, and those who own treasures of embroidered India muslin or old-time gauzes that have long lain in lavender-scented bureaux may now disinter them with due feelings of gratitude for the “dear women asleep” who took care of their china and sables and laces that another generation might profit thereby.

Jewels, of course, remain more than ever indispensable adjuncts of costume, and it is interesting to note the gradual revival of pendent ear-rings at the Opera or other assemblages of the *monde* properly so-called amongst the rest. Those long ropes of pearls which the thrice-blessed Parisian Diamond Company first brought into usage remain prominent favourites, as does the always becoming diamond-slided collar, of which the Parisian Diamond Company owns so many and beautiful exclusive designs. A pearl and diamond tiara, one of their latest arrangements, appears on a neighbouring page this week, and has the merit of being quite away from the “ta-ra-ra” of familiar acquaintance; a corsage ornament in especially light gem-setting with pendent pear-shaped pearls is also indicated and elegant exceedingly. Girls who are asked “what they would like to have” by benevolent

elderly uncles may unhesitatingly declare for the dainty parasol-handles to be seen at the Parisian Diamond Company's various shops. Nothing more adds to the perfect *ensemble* of your summer-girl than an obviously (though not really) expensive jewel-inlaid parasol-handle.

A few years ago, ultra-elegant—or should one say, extravagant?—Parisienne took to wearing jewelled garters, and it was a favourite



[Copyright.]

AN ELEGANT TAILOR-MADE COAT-AND-SKIRT.



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING WHITE FROCK FOR THE RIVER.

story of one of our favourite actresses that when she went to America and charmed Brother Jonathan in operetta, his reverential homage often took the form of diamond “knee-clasps.” The ordinary upper-class Briton, however, still finds silken bindings sufficient to her sense of fitness, and in this connection I am forced to remember that the Kleinert garters and the Kleinert dress-shields, and the Kleinert accessories variously, are daintiness itself and should be affected by the woman who studies details in preference to most other makes.

Country cousins who love to exchange native ozone for Metropolitan odours at this time of year and do mighty things in shopping, from manicure-cases to Indian rugs, should wander into the Special Exhibition of European and Oriental carpets now being held at Gillow's new show-rooms at 412, Oxford Street. All kinds of exquisite floor-coverings are on view, from the homely but effective “Roman” to the stately Aubusson, or, again, a hundred examples of the Oriental's patient industry in gorgeous Eastern colouring and design. The Exhibition is very complete, and contains examples of every carpet, more or less, produced by the ingenuity of that wonderful animal, Man.

A somewhat small matter, but one of the first importance, to be paradoxical and impressive at once, is the little electric battery which every self-respecting woman now includes amongst the indispensables of life. By its beneficent use, wrinkles are smoothed away, healthy colour brought to pale cheeks, inflated throats and chins reduced to the *juste milieu*, or *vice versa*, while the attachable hair-brush



brings gloss and colour back to jaded tresses by its healthy action on the scalp. Mrs. Pomeroy, of Bond Street beauty-restoring reputation, retails these small electric batteries at two guineas each and the electric hair-brush at three shillings extra, and, for those who possess neither, the notion of immediately acquiring both is decidedly worth investigation, if only for their miraculous effects on headaches and neuralgia alone.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LUCRETIA (Cheltenham). You have apportioned it very well, with the exception of your dress-allowance. Is there not some incongruity about paying a hundred pounds a-year for rent and two hundred for your own clothes? This is, of course, merely a suggestion and because you asked advice.

L. F.—Bright green is overdone by now; it has been worn quite four or five months. Soft summer colours are more suitable to the season. Champagne, pale lemon under white, and cream are all fashionable.

SYBIL.

#### GERMAN BUSINESS METHODS.

A few weeks ago (writes a correspondent), I met the travelling representative of a very great British firm that does an extensive trade in Africa, South America, and Australasia. In course of conversation, I asked him if he employed Britons at the various branches, for he has power of appointment all over his firm's departments and spends the greater part of the year inspecting the branch houses. He said he always endeavoured to employ his own countrymen, though their bad training in modern languages was a serious bar to their progress. Germans, though much better equipped, were far less reliable; and he went on to tell me there is a great school in Stettin where German boys are trained, equipped, and sent out to take any position they can get in a good foreign house and report all the methods by which the business is done. Specimens of the article traded in are sent home, together with the most complete lists of the firm's customers, and, on receipt of these particulars, German ingenuity devises cheap imitations and offers them to the firms named as trading at present in the better goods. To enable these young spies of commerce to do their work, they are subsidised by the Stettin establishment to an extent that enables them to take any position, however poorly paid, that will give them the necessary facilities to find out where and how the trade is done. British employers of labour whether at home or abroad would do well to mark the business methods of our dearly beloved brethren across the North Sea.

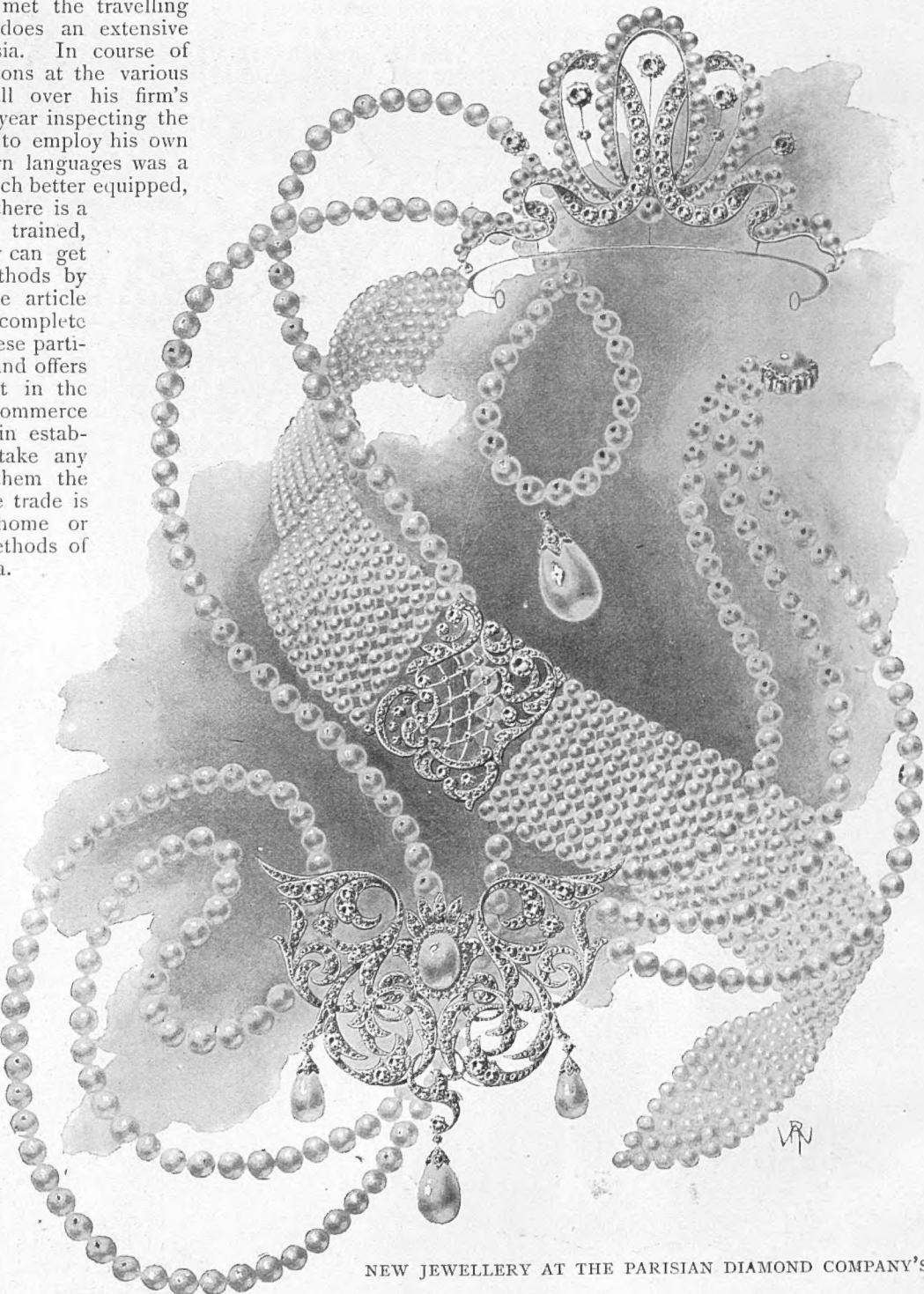
If there was one province into which one had thought that the present clamour for Empire and the Imperial cause would necessarily enter, it would surely by anticipation have been the League of the Empire and the Victoria League. But Mafeking Night filled the London streets with patriotic songs of sorts; and Mr. Albert Chevalier was able to score one of his most notable successes out of the same material. Therefore it was that the concert of the League of the Empire and the Victoria League was naturally dragged into service for the pursuit of patriotism and the elevation of the League of the Empire. The artists announced to sing at the concert in question were many and distinguished. Madame Albani's name was upon the programme; those, too, of Mr. Andrew Black, Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, Miss Ada Crossley, and Miss Kathleen Purcell. It is true that (as often happens on occasions of this sort) not all the artists made their bow to the audience; but a word must be said in praise of Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, whose fine art and whose thoroughly Irish method were once more dramatically in evidence. The remainder of the concert was practically of a ballad nature and calls for little enough comment.

#### USEFUL HOLIDAY GUIDES.

The Great Northern Railway Company are again to the fore in catering for the travelling public in the way of useful and interesting literature. The Company's Guide to seaside, farmhouse, country lodgings, and hotels on and in connection with their system is a most valuable publication, for, besides making the selection of holiday apartments quite a simple matter, it contains notes on places of interest. Another pretty leaflet, entitled "Holiday Resorts and Interesting Places," has been issued and should be in the possession of those who are thinking how and where they can best spend their holidays. A programme of tourist arrangements, splendidly illustrated, has also been issued, and gives particulars of tourist, fortnightly, and week-end fares and other useful information. Copies of these Guides can be obtained on application to the Chief Passenger Agent, King's Cross Station, London, N., or any Great Northern station or town office.

The Derby of 1903 was run in almost exactly the same time as last year. As taken by Benson's chronograph, it occupied 2 min. 42½ sec. Last year the race was run in 2 min. 42½ sec.

Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, the veteran American author, is contributing his reminiscences to the *Atlantic Monthly*. He was one of the brilliant band of Boston men who helped to make the first number of that admirable periodical. In his last paper Mr. Trowbridge makes a suggestive comparison between Oliver Wendell Holmes and Longfellow. Holmes was remarkable for the rapidity of his mental processes, the quickness of his turns of thought. Longfellow, on the other hand, was comparatively slow.



NEW JEWELLERY AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on June 9.*

## OUR JOHANNESBURG LETTER.

**I**N continuing his review of the various groups of Rand mines which are controlled by the leading financial magnates, our Johannesburg Correspondent deals on this occasion with the Neumann group of properties.

## NEUMANN GROUP OF MINES.

The Neumann group of mines is one of the latest creations of the kind. It was only in 1895 that the Neumanns gave their interests on the Rand a sort of coherent and independent existence by establishing an engineering department of their own to deal primarily with three deep-level blocks, namely, Witwatersrand Deep, Knight Central, and Vogelstruis Deep, and the small outcrop mine known as the Treasury. To-day, Neumann and Co. control what has grown into one of the largest and most important groups on the Rand. In many of their ventures the Neumanns are closely associated with Wernher, Beit, and Co., resulting in a sort of dual control over numbers of mines. So much is this the case that it is often difficult to say where Beit ends and Neumann begins.

The interest and work of the firm in future will be largely centred in the development and equipment of three of the largest areas of mining-ground on the Rand, namely, New Modderfontein, consisting of over 1200 claims; Consolidated Main Reef and its subsidiaries, 750 claims; and Bantjes, 729 claims. It will be most convenient to deal with the various mines of the group as they lie from east to west, and this seems in a general way in accordance with their relative importance.

The New Modderfontein property is situated both on the dip and to the west of the Van Ryn, being an outcrop as well as a deep-level proposition. The area extends for quite two miles on the strike of the two reef series, which are some six hundred feet apart, and are known respectively as the Van Ryn (northern) and Modderfontein (southern). There are a number of well-equipped incline shafts on the outcrop portion and a main vertical shaft on the deep-level section. The 60-stamp mill on the property has crushed about 250,000 tons of ore, yielding an average profit of about 10s. a ton. Going by the present development and stoping widths, the property contains possibly 50,000,000 tons of ore. Last year the capital of the Company was raised to £1,200,000 (in £4 shares), and, after liquidating the rather large debt, funds were provided to increase the mill to 200 stamps and develop a sufficient reserve of ore. The policy of the Company is to float two or more subsidiaries, and, as the reef has been proved on the Modderfontein Deep, directly beyond the southern boundary of the New Modderfontein, the policy is entirely justifiable. This is by far the largest individual proved claim-property on the Rand, and, going by past results, the splitting up of the property should leave a good margin for future speculation.

The Witwatersrand Deep is a compact block of 285 claims on the dip of the Witwatersrand (Knight's) and Ginsberg Companies. This is not a very deep mine for a deep-level. When the reefs were first struck, they were broken and poor, but later development has shown distinctly payable ore. The Company has leased the Balmoral battery of 60 stamps for twelve months, and has been crushing with it since November last, but sufficient funds have been provided to erect 200 stamps for the Company, and meanwhile development is being pushed on as fast as the present restricted native labour supply will permit. The payable ore developed amounts to half-a-million tons, averaging fully 10 dwt. over a 4-foot reef, but in portions of the mine the stoping width is considerably greater. This should turn out a fair mine, but at the present quotation of about £4 there is no very great room for the appreciation of the shares.

The Driefontein Deep is a virgin block of 256 claims on the dip of the Driefontein Consolidated Mines and Witwatersrand Deep. The working capital was subscribed at £2 a-share, and there is cash in hand amounting to £266,000, besides 119,000 shares in reserve, so that the financial position of the Company is sound. Work will be started as soon as labour is available. Two shafts, which have been located, will have to go about four thousand feet before striking the reefs. This work will take about four years. The situation of the mine is quite good in relation to outcrop, and, meantime, the stock is looked on as a good market counter, as some of the working capital is invested in various successful mines.

Knight Central is one of the second row of deep-levels, and is a large property of 443 claims. Owing to a local upthrow, the reef was struck in the west shaft at a depth of about two thousand feet, being a less depth than anticipated. Development, so far, has not shown very rich results, but, as more settled ground is being gone into, the assays are improving. The future policy will almost certainly be to divide the claim-area, as the upthrow of nearly one thousand feet practically cuts the mine in two. The water-right claims of the Witwatersrand Company (Knight's) could be conveniently included in the eastern area. A great amount of work has yet to be done to prove this large property, but the locality justifies

the hope of a prosperous future for the Company, especially in view of the very satisfactory development on Knight's Deep. An option over 29,000 odd shares at 70s. a share was exercised in February last, increasing the available cash of the Company to close upon £300,000.

The Treasury Gold Mines is a small outcrop property of about twenty-eight claims lying between the Jumpers and Geldenhuis. It has already paid about a quarter of a million in dividends. The Company earns over 20s. profit per ton of ore, and, as its life is yet about eleven years, the reefs being of a good milling width and the mine being very economically handled, it should be of interest, but rather to investors than speculators.

The Wolluter Gold Mines is situated on the Central Rand. The property is of a good size for an outcrop mine (though it includes a deep-level section), being fully 150 claims in extent. In the past the Company has been rather a disappointment, but as vigorous development has been done on the deep-level section, which has shown good payable ore, we may look for better things in the future. There is a 100-stamp equipment on the mine, which will probably be increased later by raising fresh capital. Eight claims were sold to the Meyer and Charlton in 1899 for £105,000 cash. That is a good rate per claim and gives a sort of indication of a better future for the Company. The capital of the Company is £860,000 in £4 shares, and only about £175,000 has been returned to shareholders in dividends, but investors will certainly have a better return in future. Crushing will be resumed at an early date and a higher grade of ore may be looked for.

Remarks on the Consolidated Main Reef, Bantjes, and other Neumann properties must be held over.

Mr. J. G. Hamilton, whose portrait is reproduced, has the local control of Neumann and Co. He is a safe, sound, level-headed man, who, as a Vice-President of the Chamber of Mines, will have to bear his share of worry and responsibility in solving the much-vexed labour question.



MR. J. G. HAMILTON, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF MINES, JOHANNESBURG.

*Photograph by F. and R. Speaight, London.*

## HOME RAILWAY MARKET.

Holiday traffics and dividend anticipations should do much to dissipate the lassitude that has fallen over the Home Railway Market for the past three months. In addition to these bull points, there is the reduced Bank Rate to take into account. The stiffness of contango rates is indubitably a considerable check to speculation, and relief to Lombard Street would be heartily welcomed. Supposing that, as the summer wears on, money may become more plentiful, the outlook for an upward campaign in prices is bright, and the chief factors in the bull situation are the two with which we began this paragraph.

## THE TRAFFICS.

All the principal lines, with the single exception of Lancashire and Yorkshire, exhibit increased traffic takes up to the returns of May 27 inclusive. The Great Western heads the list with an advance of £32,600, closely followed by the South-Eastern and Chatham, which boasts an increase of £31,000. The North-Eastern's published figures are £28,600 up, and the Midland and North-Western have an additional £17,500 and £14,000 respectively to their credit. It must be borne in mind that these statistics do not include the Whitsuntide traffics of the present year, nor do they cover the benefit which the unusually attractive Epsom Meeting should bring to the Southern lines. Moreover, the railways suffered severely last June by the postponement of the Coronation, which imposed a sharp loss of traffic upon most of the lines. This year the conditions are much more normal, and it may be reasonably conjectured that the traffics for the final month of the first half of 1903 will make an excellent showing against those of the comparative period.

## THE DIVIDEND OUTLOOK.

While these are indeed early days to venture upon cut-and-dried forecasts as to what dividends will be declared next month, we may remark that grievous disappointment must wait upon the market should the distributions fail to overtop in all-round fashion those made a year ago. Speaking generally, there should be an improvement of  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. in the case of the "Heavy" stocks, and the more speculative counters are likely to receive a fresh fillip by the publication of better half-yearly reports up to the end of June. It takes so little to move prices in the Home Railway Market that a very slight amount of public buying suffices to bring about an imitation



boom, and, with picture-cards invitingly held out to the bulls, we may easily see an all-round advance initiated. Speculation of a sleepy sort there still is in this section, but what is wanted for the improvement of prices even more than gambling, is a little buying on the part of the public.

It will readily be allowed by anyone who is at all intimately acquainted with the Home Railway Market that the floating amount of real stock is ridiculously small. Whether the real investor will be tempted even by mildly increased dividends is a debatable point. We hear a good deal of all-too-true talk of the way in which people on this side have been bitten over their speculations in Yankee Rails: not so much, however, of the suffering that has been caused by diminished dividends during the past few years upon the widely spread army of investors who hold British Railway stocks. Confidence in the stability of these securities, even as in that of Consols, has been rather roughly shaken of late, and, for all their attractiveness, it may hap that Home Rails are still to be eschewed by that immense body of large and small capitalists who, five years ago, would have been only too thankful to pick up the stocks to pay the returns which can now be obtained from such class of investment.

#### THE NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

The accounts and valuation of this great Insurance Company have just been published to Nov. 20, 1902, and must be satisfactory both to those who are insured and to those who are responsible for the management of the Company.

During the last five years, the premiums received have amounted to £2,163,404, while interest and dividends have reached the high total of over £1,000,000, and the accumulated funds have been increased by £645,507, so that the Company finds itself in an appreciably stronger position to-day than it was in the year 1897. Out of a total profit of £816,482, the very large proportion of £761,602 has been divided among 31,477 policies. The tendency of Insurance as of Banking business, is for the strong Companies to wax stronger, and for the weak to go to the wall. It may safely be asserted that the National Provident Institution is one of the Companies which have nothing to fear and everything to gain from the tendency of the age.

#### "THE MINING MANUAL, 1903."

Mr. Skinner has again given the large public interested in Mining a new edition of his invaluable book, in which all the available information has been brought up to date. The past year has not been very fruitful in new Companies, so that the book has only increased in bulk to a slight extent, but practically the Egyptian group of Mining and Prospecting Companies is found for the first time in the present volume. To the usual list of mining directors and secretaries has been added one of engineers and mine-managers, giving the names of the Companies with which they are connected. Tables of individual crushings of South African, Australasian, and Indian mines are given in the various sections in which the Companies are dealt with, and the yield per ton of ore is included for the first time. In an Appendix will be found the latest registrations of new Companies and other information, completing the particulars up to within a few days of publication.

The book is, as far as we can judge from a hurried examination, both accurate and up-to-date, and should be in the hands of everybody who dabbles in Mining shares. The price is a guinea, and it may be obtained direct from Mr. W. R. Skinner, 11, Clement's Lane, E.C.

Friday, May 29, 1903.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A. E.—(1) Gas Light and Coke Company Ordinary, (2) Globe Telegraph Trust Pref., (3) South Metropolitan Gas stock, (4) Whiteley Debentures. You will not get 4 per cent. in Municipal Loans.

W. A.—If the stock were our own, we should hold and not sell; 6½ per cent. is not got every day. United States Brewing Company Debentures or River Plate Gas might suit you if you insist on realising.

D. J. W.—We cannot recommend any brokers who will deal on the three months' settlement plan. Only swindlers do that sort of thing.

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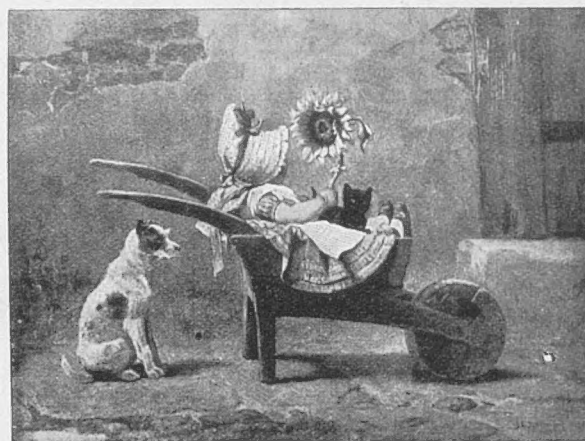
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